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Modern Synods of the English-speaking Churches.

AS we have already observed in a preliminary notice, the third volume of the collection of Maria-Laach¹ has special claims on the attention of all English-speaking Catholics, comprising, as it does, the acts and decrees, in fact, an exhaustive account, of every Synod held since 1789, by the Bishops of the two main divisions of the North American continent, by those of Ireland, of the newly restored English hierarchy, of the West Indies, and of the infant churches of Australia. We need not insist on the value of such a collection to the students of any one of the branches of ecclesiastical science. The Church historian will find here the main facts which he has to present in their living harmony and sequence; for where is the life of the Church, the action of the Spirit, Who is its immanent source, its informing principle, more manifest, than in its Councils? The canonist, too, as the very name of his science implies, will find in the decrees and canons of the Councils, the norm of the discipline actually in force. The students of dogmatic, and still more of moral, theology, the liturgist, even the ascetic, cannot fail to find here valuable data bearing on the subject-matter of their respective pursuits. Yet it must be remembered—not that it is needed as an excuse for blemishes and shortcomings, for such the most rigid scrutiny will fail to detect—that the conscientious and indefatigable compilers of the collection before us, unlike their predecessors in the same path, have had to contend with the inconveniences and drawbacks of exile, while engaged in a work which would task to the utmost the resources of learned leisure.

The collection, adhering, as much as possible, to the chronological order, opens with the series of the Councils of Baltimore, the mere enumeration of which enables us to trace, in its successive stages, the wonderful development of Catholicity in the territory of the North American Federation. With a view

¹ *Acta et Decreta S. Conciliorum Recentiorum, Collectio Lacensis, &c. &c. Tomus iii.*
VOL. VII. (NEW SERIES). APRIL, 1876.

to the absolute completeness of the work, the compilers have inserted the decrees of the first Diocesan Synod of Baltimore, in 1790, at which hardly more than twenty-two priests, whose missions were scattered over the vast extent of the Union, met under the presidency of Dr. John Carroll, at that time the only Catholic Bishop in the United States. Next come ten articles of discipline agreed upon by Dr. Carroll, then metropolitan, and his three suffragans, of Bardstown, Boston, and Philadelphia. The first Provincial Council of Baltimore, held in 1829, by embodying these decrees and articles in its own acts, has justified their insertion in this collection.

The subscriptions to this first Council give note of the rapid increase of the episcopate, for besides the titulars of the sees already mentioned, we find those of Charlestown, Cincinnati, Mobile, New York, and St. Louis among the prelates summoned to the Synodical deliberations. The minutes of the several public and private Congregations, and of the Sessions which, here, as elsewhere throughout the collection, precede the published text of the decrees, need not detain us, but we may call special attention to the accompanying Rescript of Propaganda, as showing the purpose and uses of the practice obligatory on all Provincial Synods of submitting their decrees to the Apostolic See, prior to their promulgation. As some confusion of thought exists as to the nature and import of this usage, it may not be out of place here to give a brief explanation.

The principle affirmed in the Constitution *Immensa* of Sixtus the Fifth, which, among other attributions of the Sacred Congregation of the Council of Trent, numbers that of revising the acts of each and every Provincial Synod before their publication, is but a logical consequence of a maxim of ecclesiastical jurisprudence, trite and unquestioned, in the fourth century. "It behoves not the Churches to enact canons without the consent of the Roman Pontiff." Hence, the decrees of Provincial Councils are destitute of all binding force, and may neither be printed, nor put into execution, before having been submitted to the revision and approval of the Supreme Pastor. The respect due to the first See, and to him who has the "care of all the Churches," requires that the decrees of Provincial and Plenary, or, as they are not unfrequently called, National Councils, be submitted to him before their promulgation. It further serves to insure their conformity with the tenour of the

Sacred Canons, as also to induce those whom they may hereafter affect, to render a more willing obedience to what comes to them invested, so to speak, with the sanction of the highest ecclesiastical authority. Yet it must be understood that, as Cardinal Petra observes, neither this revision or examination of Synodical decrees, which is all that is required by the above-mentioned Sixtine Constitution, nor the approval of them involved in the very act of returning them for publication, implies confirmation, with which they are commonly confounded. The preceptive, obligatory force of the statutes of Provincial Councils emanates solely from the legislative power which Canon Law ascribes to the ultimate decisions of these august assemblies. The subsequent revision and approval of their decrees at Rome may be fairly considered as parallel to the *Nil obstat*, given by the censor, to whom an Ordinary commits the examination of an intended publication, as a certificate that the Council has not overstepped the limits of its competency, that its decrees agree with the general law of the Church.

The Papal confirmation of a Provincial Synod, which is usually notified by an Apostolic Brief, enhances the preceptive force inherent to its decrees, by the authority of the Apostolic See. Yet, even in this case, which, as the canonists are wont to notice, is of comparatively rare occurrence, the Apostolic confirmation presupposes the legality and validity of the act or statutes to which it applies. It cannot be pleaded in favour of derogations from the Sacred Canons, Pontifical Constitutions, or the Tridentine decrees. Should any such flaws have escaped the vigilance of the revisors, or of the Pontiff himself, the Brief of confirmation will not bar the recourse of parties aggrieved to the competent tribunals, or hinder the ecclesiastical judge from inquiring into the truth of their allegations, and from annulling, of his ordinary authority, and that too, despite the Papal confirmation, statutes discovered to be at variance with any one of the norms of canonical legislation enumerated above. Mere confirmation, confirmation *in forma communi*, as it is technically styled, is only conditional; whatever its effects, it is limited, often expressly, but at least implicitly, to what is conformable with, or at any rate, does not traverse the common law of the Church. Were the Rescript of Confirmation to close with the usual derogatory clauses, which help canonists to distinguish between confirmation *in forma communi*, and that to which is given the title of *specifica*,

it would leave intact the legal claims and rights of a third party, whether founded in law, or resulting from special concessions, or guaranteed by contract, it would bar no action for the defence or recovery of acquired rights. But that it would land us too far from our subject, it would be interesting to continue this already lengthy digression, not indeed on account of its bearings on canonical jurisprudence, enthusiasm for which is scarce likely to prove contagious, but because it enables us to appreciate the unvarying characteristics of the Papal monarchy, which far from needing the extenuation implied by qualifying its exercise as a paternal despotism, spontaneously, and in obedience to its innate principles, limits its quasi-omnipotence by the most delicate, we may say, even scrupulous respect for the *jus quæsitum*, for acquired rights, by an unaffected respect for the most insignificant personality that may claim brotherhood with the Church of God, and by a charity which has in nowise ceased to distinguish her whom the martyr Ignatius, trained in the school of the Apostle of love, greeted in his dying utterances, as the Church "presiding over love in the country of the Romans."²

But to return to the Rescript of Propaganda. In a tone of delicate courtesy, it animadverts on certain inaccuracies, rather of expression than of thought, which might furnish a handle to strained and exaggerated views of rights and correlative duties. Thus, for instance, the Fathers are reminded that the obedience and reverence to which every priest pledges himself at his ordination, binds him at most not to quit, without leave of his bishop, the church or diocese for whose service he was ordained, always excepting the case of his wishing to join a regular community. An alteration is suggested in the wording of other decrees to preclude any future question as to the proprietary rights of regulars to their churches. Another decree about the churching of women is toned down, and the Fathers are reminded that the Roman Ritual neither prescribes that this rite be performed in churches exclusively, nor does it forbid it in the case of such as have neglected to receive the Sacraments at Easter. The Sacred Congregation suggests that a desire rather than an imperative order should be expressed in regard of deeply-rooted local usages at variance with the general law, on the principle, which admits of a far wider

² προκαθήμενη τῆς ἀγάπης. St. Ignatius' Epistle to the Romans.

application, that it is dangerous, at times, to introduce *sudden* ameliorations. The letter concludes with an observation on an unusual form of subscription to the synodical decrees. The Metropolitan is reminded that his suffragans are not mere assessors, but judges equally with himself, whose votes, when in the majority, outweigh his decisions.

The second Council of the Province of Baltimore, held in 1833, bears, amongst other subscriptions, that of the first Bishop of Détroit, erected into an episcopal see the preceding year. Under a commission from His Holiness, the Fathers settled the exact limits of the several dioceses within their Province. The Rescript of Propaganda, accompanying the revised Acts of the Synod, announce the erection of the new see of Vincennes, Indiana. The mission of evangelizing the aborigines, and the negroes in the African settlement of Liberia, is committed by the Sacred Congregation to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus; and lastly, it prescribes in full detail, the method to be followed by the bishops of the Province in recommending to Propaganda candidates for coadjutorships and vacant sees.

The bishops of the Province of Baltimore held their third Council in 1837. The letter in which they submit their statutes to the judgment of the Holy See, contains a sombre picture of the outrages perpetrated on Catholic institutions by the rabid fanaticism of a certain class of their Protestant fellow-citizens; but the Fathers find topics of consolation in the rapid spread of the faith, both by natural increase and immigration, and even by numerous conversions. This they ascribe in a great measure to the extension of the episcopate, on which account they petition for the erection of the sees of Nashville, Natchez, and Dubuque. The letter closes with a generous recognition of the services rendered by the various regular orders, and craves for the bishops the permission to insert the names of religious among those they deem fit to recommend for vacant sees. The authorized text of the proceedings of the Council contains but little that calls for special notice. The Ceremonial and Ritual lately edited by the authority and with the approval of the Apostolic See are declared binding throughout the Province, in order to insure uniformity of practice and conformity with the usages of the Roman Church. Usages at variance with these two standards are not allowed to shelter themselves under the elastic plea of custom. Another decree, in which the Rectors of

the several churches are reminded that music in sacred functions is an adjunct, and by no means an end, might have been enacted in many a synod of the older Continent. Among the Rescripts of Propaganda there are two dispensing the faithful from the law of keeping Easter Monday and Whit Monday as feasts of obligation, and of fasting and abstinence on the Wednesdays in Advent.

The fourth Provincial Council of Baltimore, held in 1840, followed the preceding one within the triennial interval prescribed by the Holy Councils of Lateran V. and of Trent. In the early ages, as appears from the Apostolic Canons,³ and from those of Nicæa and of Antioch,⁴ the bishops of the several ecclesiastical Provinces were to meet in synod every six months, which was afterwards reduced to once a year, by the Third Council of Constantinople and the Second of Nicæa. It would lead us too far from the subject-matter of this paper, were we to search into the causes, which until within the last thirty years, have practically reduced the Tridentine decree for the resumption of these sacred assemblies, to a dead letter, even in countries where the jealousy and vexatious intermeddling of the civil power could not be pleaded for its non-observance. It will be enough to say that the transient effect produced by this portion of the Tridentine reform may be traced to the causes which have frustrated its efforts to make the Metropolitan dignity a more active reality. The minutes of this fourth Council give notice of the presence of Mgr. de Forbin Janson, the exiled Bishop of Nancy, whose name is associated with more than one good work. He was admitted with the right of giving a decisive vote. The decrees of this Synod are concerned with mixed marriages, and the clergy are reminded that to celebrate them with religious rites is to contravene the frequently-expressed commands of the Apostolic See. They are exhorted to put forth strenuous efforts against intemperance, and other warnings are added which may be ranged under the heading, *De Vita et honestate Clericorum*. Among the several synodical epistles we single out for special notice the address of the Fathers to the illustrious confessors, the Archbishops of Cologne and of Posen, the example of whose constancy has helped to sustain their present successors in a conflict far more trying than that they had to encounter. In their address to the *Leopold-Verein*, the Fathers gratefully acknowledge the benefits accruing

³ Canon. Apost. 36.

⁴ I. Nicæa. c. 5; Antioch. c. 20.

to their churches from the liberality of the directors of this institution. The Rescripts of Propaganda, besides notifying its approval of the Conciliar decrees, contain a dispensation for twenty years from the abstinence on all Saturdays not fasting days, for the faithful of the United States.

The subscriptions to the fifth Provincial Council of Baltimore, holden in 1843, bear witness to the steady increase of the episcopate. Richmond, a see already established in 1820, has seen the end of its long widowhood, and a Vicar-Apostolic of the newly-acquired territory of Texas appears in the list of the Fathers. The decrees, which are few in number, call for no special notice, unless we except the third, denouncing excommunication *ipso facto* against all who contract marriage on the strength of the sentence of a Divorce Court. The synodical address to the Apostolic See records, amongst other interesting items, a striking instance of the rapid growth of religion in one diocese: no less than forty-three new churches were erected within scarce more than three years. The Fathers likewise bear honourable witness to the apostolic devotedness of the missionaries of the Society of Jesus labouring among the scattered tribes of the Rocky Mountains. The usual Rescripts of Propaganda give notice of the erection of the sees of Pittsburg, Little Rock, Chicago, Hartford, and Milwaukee, and of the delegation of a Vicar-Apostolic for the then recently-annexed territory of Oregon. The synodical epistle to the clergy and people of the province reiterates the denunciation of the severest ecclesiastical penalty against legalized adultery, bears honourable witness to the zeal and subordination of the clergy, to the fruitful apostolate of the Society of Jesus among the Indians, to the devotedness of two American ecclesiastics, who consecrated themselves to the mission of Western Africa.

The sixth Council of Baltimore followed in due course, in 1846. Among the five decrees it enacted, one that may claim special notice is the first, wherein choice is made of the ever Blessed Virgin, conceived without sin, as the Patroness of the North American Federation. The second forbids ecclesiastics ordained *sub titulo Missionis* to enter religion without letters dimissorial from their respective Ordinaries. The third calls for the introduction of the banns of marriage, which, as results from the observation made on the decree by Propaganda, are not to be omitted even in the case of mixed marriages. From the same source we learn that the bishops had forwarded to Rome

several petitions for the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception, a valuable testimony to the tradition and piety of their Churches. The erection of the new sees of Albany, Buffalo, and Cleveland, and the confirmation of their titulars are also announced in these Rescripts. A modified form of the oath of fealty to the Holy See, to be taken by the American prelates before consecration, is also included in the Appendix to the sixth Council.

The seventh Provincial Council of Baltimore, both in its decrees and the synodical address to the Holy Father, re-echoes the ardent desires of the faithful of this province for the dogmatic definition of Mary's peerless privilege. It forbids the clergy to assist at marriages which have been celebrated or are to be repeated before a non-Catholic minister, and closes with a petition for the convocation of a National or Plenary Council. The Appendix contains the address of the Synod to the Holy Father, then an exile from his See (this Council was held in 1849). It is impossible not to be moved at the sentiments of staunch loyalty and unswerving devotedness to the Chief Pastor it breathes in every line. In compliance with the petition of the assembled Fathers, the former Province of Baltimore was, by a Rescript of Propaganda under date of August 9, 1850, divided between the five metropolitan sees of Baltimore, St. Louis, New Orleans, New York, and Cincinnati. The further request that the Primatial dignity might be awarded to the Church of Baltimore was reserved for future consideration. The same Rescript announces the erection of the episcopal sees of Savannah, Wheeling, and St. Paul of Minnesota, as also the deputation of new Vicars-Apostolic.

Before coming to the Plenary Councils of Baltimore, we have a brief account of the first Synod of the Province of Oregon, held in 1848, by the Archbishop of that see and his two suffragans, to whom has since been added the Vicar-Apostolic of Idaho. For reasons to be developed further on, it calls for no detailed notice, yet we may refer to its charge to that Province to foster and spread the twin Devotions to the Sacred Heart and to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

We have now reached a most interesting part of this collection. An Apostolic Brief, under date of August 19, 1851, delegates to the Most Reverend Francis Patrick Kenrick, whose zeal and learning it deservedly commends, the power of convoking and presiding over the Plenary Council to be holden at

Baltimore on the 9th of May of the ensuing year. It may not be wholly out of place to observe that while the periodical celebration of Provincial and Diocesan Synods is provided for, and commanded, by the Sacred Canons, Pienary or National Councils, which rank next in authority and importance to Œcumenical Councils, like these latter, can only be convoked by the authority of the Holy See. In the letter of indiction the illustrious prelate recites the substance of his delegation, and makes a pregnant allusion to the advantages the Churches of the North American Republic have derived from the periodical meetings of their first pastors. "They have contributed," writes he, "to knit us more closely in loving reverence and willing obedience to the Chair of Unity, to unite us to each other in the bond of peace, to establish and preserve uniformity of discipline." Meeting in the name of Christ, the pastors of His Church must needs, according to His true and faithful promise, have Him in their midst, Whose presence and work have unity for their countersign, unity manifesting itself in filial submission to those He has set over them, in honour and respect for their fellows, in the living recognition of the Christ in those committed to their care. May not the devoted loyalty to the Apostolic See, exhibited so strikingly by clergy and people in the present distress, be ascribed, in part at least, to the action of our Most Holy Father, in reviving and stimulating the more frequent gathering of Provincial and other Synods, to such an extent, that his long and chequered Pontificate may be aptly termed the "Age of Councils"?

To return to the Council of Baltimore. At the summons of the Apostolic delegate, five metropolitans and no less than twenty-six bishops gathered together from all parts of the vast territories of the Republic, meeting at Baltimore, where, within the memory of some still living, the only token of Catholicity was the occasional visit of a missionary priest who came to minister to the spiritual needs of the faithful remnant. The main cause of the rapid and marvellous change of which this Plenary Council was a significant indication is well set forth in the synodical epistle of the Fathers to the Holy See, wherein it is ascribed to their unfailing love, reverence, and obedience to the august personage of the Vicar of Christ and to the Apostolic Throne, the threefold bond which kept them in close and living relation with the well-spring of ecclesiastical life and fecundity, the slackening of which, as the witness of history but too well proves, opens the door to schisms and heresies, or at the very

least, to false principles and erroneous views, that end by paralyzing the energies of churches isolated from the source of Divine sustenance and compelled to seek a stay for their weakness at the hands of the civil power.

Of the legislation of this first Plenary Council of Baltimore, we need only say that it sanctioned the decrees of the preceding Provincial Synods. With a view to supply the deficiency of Cathedral Chapters appointed by the Sacred Canons to aid the bishops, by their counsel and authority, in the government of their Churches, the Council in its sixth decree exhorts the bishops to choose among the more mature of their clergy a board of consultors, or counsellors, of whose wisdom and learning they may avail themselves in the diocesan administration. The proclamation of banns is made obligatory. The clergy with cure of souls are reminded that the duty of instructing the young and ignorant in the fear and discipline of the Lord is personal, and may not be discharged by deputy only. The Association for the Propagation of the Faith is warmly recommended. Among the several Rescripts of Propaganda there is one announcing the erection of the metropolitan see of San Francisco, with Monterey, hitherto immediately subject to the Apostolic See, for its suffragan, and that of the new sees of Portland, Burlington, Brooklyn, Newark, Erie, Covington, Quincy, Santa Fé, and Nachitoches. We deem worthy of especial notice a remark of the Sacred Congregation on certain petitions of the Council, tending to induce uniformity of popular observance as to holidays of obligation and fasts; they are reminded that the law of the Universal Church is the standard of uniformity, that far from extending local exceptions and mitigations, provisionally tolerated rather than allowed by the supreme authority, uniformity should be aimed at by striving, as much as may be, to return to the observance of the general discipline.

The collection resumes the series of the Councils of the Province of Baltimore, from the eighth to the tenth, holden in 1869. With these are given, in all fulness of detail, the Synods of several of the provinces into which the United States are now divided. Thus we have the minutes, decrees, synodical epistles of three Councils of the Province of New York, of three of that of Cincinnati, of two Councils of St. Louis, two also of New Orleans. Each series opens with protestations of fervent attachment to the centre of unity, with an acceptance of the recently defined dogma of the Immaculate Conception, which, be it noted,

they receive from the supreme *magisterium* of the Roman Pontiff. The only other points we may notice are a form of summary procedure in the criminal cases of clerics, proposed by Propaganda to the Council of St. Louis, and adopted by each of the above-named Provincial Synods. The question of ecclesiastical music engaged the attention of several of these Councils, one of which strongly urges the teaching of the Plain Chant in Catholic, especially in ecclesiastical schools. Before passing on to the second Plenary Council of Baltimore, we must not omit to mention that by a decree of Propaganda of August 15, 1858, precedence is given to the Archbishop of Baltimore, in all Councils and assemblies, over every prelate of the United States, without regard to the priority of their consecration.

The protracted struggle between the North and South, which menaced, for a time, the very existence of the American Federation, caused the second Plenary Council of Baltimore to be adjourned from 1862 to four years later, precisely fourteen years after the first Plenary Council of the Churches of America. On the 7th of October, the Solemnity of the most Holy Rosary, the streets of Baltimore witnessed a spectacle which had scarce been beheld since the Council of Trent, even in the centre of Catholicity; seven metropolitans, preceded by thirty-eight bishops and three mitred abbots, went in procession from the Archbishop's residence to the Metropolitan Church. No less interesting than their presence, was the practical illustration of the universality of the Church, afforded by the enumeration of the respective nationalities of these prelates; there were two Swiss, three Germans, three Spaniards, twelve French; but, as might be expected, the country most largely represented in this assembly was that whose sons are so often the foremost in the Catholic Apostolate. Besides nine of Irish birth, more than half of the sixteen American prelates were of Irish blood. They had gathered together from all parts of the Republic, many of them travelling thousands of miles at the simple summons of one of their brethren, who spoke to them by the authority of Peter and in the name of Christ, the establishment and spread of Whose kingdom was their sole object. But we must not linger on this magnificent exhibition of unity and brotherly concord, unparalleled here below, save in that institution which is the visible presentment in time and space of the city "whose Founder and Builder is God." The exhaustive minuteness of the compilers of this collection renders it no easy task to select the salient

points of the proceedings and legislation of a Council, which if we except that of Thurles, transcends in importance and interest all others in the volume before us. We confine ourselves to indicating some of the categories in which the decrees of the Council may be classed.

The published decrees begin with an exposition of the Catholic faith, with a special view to the errors which in America, as elsewhere, infect the very atmosphere of modern society. Apart from the authority of this august assembly, enhanced as it is by the revision and approval of its pronouncements by the Apostolic See, it claims the obedience of faith, in that it avails itself of the several Pontifical utterances concerning the religious indifferentism, the rationalism of the age, and the scepticism which by unduly depreciating the inborn powers of the human mind, deprives faith itself of all reasonable groundwork. Special sections are devoted to the aberrations, which the Protean forms of American Protestantism have engendered in their decay. The chapters on the several grades of the Sacred Hierarchy may be studied with profit by the divine and the canonist.

In dealing with the vexed question of parochial rights, the Council expresses its desire to introduce gradually the parochial system, and, as a substitute for the concursus, or competitive examination to which the Holy Council of Trent subjects all aspirants to a parochial benefice of free collation, it prescribes that no one is to be placed at the head of a mission, who has not served at least five years in a subordinate station, and fails to satisfy the board of examiners appointed *ad hoc* by the bishop.

The chapters on the sacraments urge the strictest conformity with the prescriptions of the Roman Ritual in the administration of these sources of grace, as the end to be aimed at by Pastors, both of the first and second rank. The prayer of the Council for the introduction of the simple mode of adult conditional baptism in use amongst us was not granted. We may further observe that neither the Council, nor Propaganda itself in its Rescripts and other communications, omit, whenever occasion serves, to assert the strict and inviolable right of the faithful to choose as their confessors any approved priests, without regard to pretended parochial rights, the existence of which, in restriction of this liberty, is emphatically denied. Further on we come to the decisions of the Councils as to burials. Mitigating

somewhat the rigour of a former Council, which withheld the funeral rites from those who were buried in a Protestant cemetery, where a Catholic burial-ground was at hand, it allows them to be performed, at least privately, when the family of the deceased have purchased a spot in a non-Catholic cemetery. This relaxation is imperatively called for in a country where, owing to conversions and mixed marriages, Catholics are frequently bound by the ties of kindred to those "who are without." In the same chapter, the custom of exacting payment for entrance into church, on the occasion of public worship, is expressly prohibited; on the ground of the Holy Father's formal disapproval of this mode of providing for the needs of the Church. The chapters concerning the Regulars of either sex bear honourable witness to the manifold services rendered by them to the Churches, under the jurisdiction of this Council. We may call special attention to the well-deserved eulogium passed on the earnestness and self-devotion of religious women of various Congregations during the then recent civil war. "The charity of the Sisters," say the Fathers, "has made even the calamities of the war to turn to the credit and singular advantage of the Church. For who, though not a Catholic, could behold their unwearied patience in the hospitals and ambulances, their kindness that knew no distinction of party, and their unfailing modesty, and not ascribe these virtues to the special aid of the Divine Spirit?"⁵

With respect to the obligation of the vows taken by female religious throughout the United States, promulgation is made of a declaration addressed to the Archbishop of Baltimore by the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars,⁶ which settles the question raised in a previous Council as follows: With the exception of five monasteries of the Visitation Order, to which Rescripts affirming the solemnity of their vows have been granted, the vows taken in all other communities within the territory of the Union are recognized only as simple. This applies also to all future foundations of this class. In the communities for whom the exception above stated is made, the solemn vows are to be preceded by a probation of five years under simple vows, a period which has since been doubled, in compliance with a petition to this effect addressed by the Fathers to the Holy See. The chapters on education show how fully its importance is appreciated by the American Bishops. In dealing

⁵ Titul. viii. cap. 2, n. 415.

⁶ 3rd September, 1864.

with the question of higher education, they gratefully acknowledge the boon conferred upon them by the establishment of an American College at Rome, nor are they unmindful of their obligations to the Belgian Episcopate for the opening of an American College in connection with the University of Louvain, which, within the first nine years of its foundation, has trained more than fifty priests for the American mission. Honourable mention is also made of the Missionary Institution of Drumcondra near Dublin. The question as to the establishment of a university is adjourned to a more favourable time. A special chapter is devoted to the means of winning to, or claiming for the Church, the recently emancipated slave-population. While appealing to the apostolic spirit of the various sections of the clergy in favour of this disinherited race, the Council acknowledges that the special details of the measures to be taken in their behalf were better left to the deliberation of the several Synods of those Provinces which had just been purged of the taint of slavery. The chapters on the press and of the services it can be made to render to Catholic piety, to morality, and to true progress, will repay the trouble of perusal, and might be advantageously acted upon elsewhere. The final chapter of the decrees needs no commentary: it contains the petition of the Council for the erection of no less than fifteen new episcopal sees and Apostolic vicariates.

The four Synods of the newly-founded ecclesiastical Province of Quebec, and the first of the still more recently founded Province of Halifax, need but a passing mention. We may, however, call attention to the petition of the Fathers of the fourth Council of Quebec, for the beatification and canonization of the servant of God, Marie Guyart, in religion "Marie de l'Incarnation," the foundress of the Ursuline Monastery at Quebec.

The series of the modern Irish Councils opens with that of the province of Tuam, holden in 1817. Its decrees refer almost exclusively to the *vita et honestas clericorum*, of those especially who are charged with cure of souls. It enacts the suspension *ipso facto* of any clergyman who shall encourage belief in his power of healing by the irreverent reading of portions of the Gospels, by rites or prayers, other than those prescribed by the Church. It further strictly forbids the clergy to administer an oath to any one, either in public, or in private.

We come at length to the Synod of Thurles, held on August 22nd, 1850, a day ever memorable in the ecclesiastical annals of Ireland, on which, for the first time since 1154, its first pastors met in National Council. Amid the ruins accumulated by centuries of conflict, they stood, a spectacle for men and angels, the representatives and lineal successors of Ireland's unbroken hierarchy, linking the present with the times when Patrick, invested with the mission of the Chair of Unity, "made known to our forefathers the ways of life," they stood there before God and history, the august impersonation of Churches bearing the stigmata of a ter-centenary struggle, unparalleled as yet in the records of the world's warfare against Christ and His kingdom. They met, as the minutes of their deliberations show, to restore to divine worship and the administration of the means of grace, the fitting adjuncts they had been shorn of in the long and dreary night of persecution; but their main purpose was to reject and condemn, in the name of a Catholic people and of the imprescriptible rights of the Christian family, a system of godless education.

Of the remaining Councils of the collection, the Synods of the province of Armagh, Dublin, Cashel, and the second Council of Tuam, the English, West Indian and Australian provincial Synods, we need make but a passing mention. Like those of the United States, all of them, if we except those of Ireland and of Quebec, frame regulations adapted to Churches of more or less recent plantation. The difficulties and perils they have to guard against, the needs they have to provide for are identical. Thus to continue our analysis would be bootless and wearisome. But over and above the reasons just indicated, another far more intrinsic and deep-seated one will help us to account for, and duly to appreciate the constantly recurring repetitions of this volume. The history of the last three centuries witnesses to the thoroughness and completeness of the Tridentine plan of reformation and reconstruction. Unsurpassed, if not unequalled, by any of its predecessors for the learning and intellectual endowments of those whose labours it enlisted in the cause of the shattered unity of Faith and Prayer, this holy Council has traced the circle wherein all subsequent canonical legislation ranges until now, and laid down the main lines of its development. A cursory glance at the Bullarium, or any collection of Conciliar decrees, will

forthwith illustrate our meaning ; in both, the decrees of Trent serve as norm and guide to the lawgiver ; and to speak but of Provincial Councils, it is no mere rhetorical flourish, but the enunciation of an obvious fact, to say, with the illustrious and eminent author of *The Perpetual Office of the Council of Trent*,⁷ that "for these three centuries past, every Provincial Council has been, as it were, a particular Congregation of the Council of Trent, guided by its light and influence, and subject to its sovereign decrees."

It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that the modern Synods of the Church in so many various countries are uninteresting because they follow so universally the lines laid down at Trent. On the contrary, nowhere will the Catholic student of the questions of the present day find more useful guidance as to the mind of the Church on these questions than in the records of these Synods. If he bears in mind the conditions under which the Catholic Church has now to do her work for God in America, Ireland, England, and the other countries of the English language, he will see by a glance at the copious Indices which the compilers of the collection have added to their volumes, what is the practical manner in which she deals with her various difficulties. He will see under the proper head, how the care that is to be taken as to that part of the great region belonging to education which falls especially to the provinces of the ordinary pastors of the Church is urged on their attention. If he turns to the head of Holy Communion, he will see the mind of the Church as to the frequency with which the faithful are to be exhorted or allowed to approach the Sacred Table. He will see elsewhere the great care with which the Church insists upon the holiness of clerical life. Indeed there is hardly a subject which can be a matter of practical question in a Catholic community, down to such points as the duty of subscription to Catholic newspapers and periodicals, and that of shunning "picnics and promenade concerts," which are organized under the pretext of charitable aims, but are in reality occasions of sin, which is not here to be found more or less settled. We are tempted, even at the end of an article, to specify the teaching of those Synods with regard to a few "burning questions."

Let us take first the subject of the secret societies, which are the pest of modern life, a pest the mischief of which is

⁷ Preached at the third Council of Westminster.

unfortunately not confined to the countries where they are most directly antagonistic to religion and law. The decrees of the Popes against Freemasons are well enough known. But what are the secret societies which fall under their decrees? The whole question was most carefully examined in the second Plenary Council of Baltimore, just ten years ago. It appears that the Archbishop of Philadelphia had some years before asked the Congregation of the Holy Office at Rome whether those societies were to be held as included in the condemnation which professed no desire to subvert either religion or civil government, but at the same time had a secret bond, confirmed by oath, or even without an oath were bound to secrecy? The answer was that such societies were condemned. The decree of the Council of Baltimore goes on to quote the reason given by Benedict the Fourteenth for the condemnation of secret societies in the Apostolical Constitution *Providas*. In the first place, men of all religions and sects were admitted indiscriminately into these societies. Secondly, the secrecy which was enjoined as to the meetings was a cause of condemnation, according to the words of Mennesier Felix, *Honesta semper publico gaudent, scelera secreta sunt*. Thirdly, the oath which bound to secrecy, and which was supposed to give a man an excuse for not revealing the proceedings of these bodies when interrogated by a lawful authority, with a view to detecting whether anything against religion or the State had been transacted, is a cause for condemnation. Lastly, the bad name which those societies have among good and religious men is assigned as a reason for the decrees against them. The Council next quotes a decree of the Propaganda of 1863, which lays down that the secret societies which are condemned by the Pontifical Constitution include all those which propose anything against the Church or the Government, whether or not they exact from their members an oath of secrecy. The Council decides that the mere unions of workmen for mutual protection and assistance do not fall under the condemnation; but that, on the other hand, all those societies are unlawful the members of which bind themselves by oath to obey what the rulers of the societies may enjoin, or to a secrecy which cannot be violated on interrogation by a lawful authority, as also all those in which there is so close a union for mutual defence as to cause the danger of disturbance, quarrels, fighting, and death.

The same decision mixed with moderation is to be traced in the conclusions arrived at by so many of the Synods before us on the subject of mixed marriages, or again of temperance. We find the same characteristics in the words of the second Plenary Council of Baltimore on Spiritism. It is allowed that many of the results which are produced at the *séances* can be explained by the cleverness and sleight-of-hand of the professed mediums, but it is added that there are many more which can only be traced to Satan. We are taught that Spiritism either explicitly or implicitly denies the divinity of Christ and His religion. We are glad to be told that at the date of the Council (1866) the Catholics of America were not infected by this plague, but they are nevertheless exhorted neither directly or indirectly to favour Spiritism, and are warned not to attend the circles or *séances* even out of curiosity. What the progress of this detestible evil has been among the Catholics of America during the last ten years, we are unable to say. But we unfortunately know too well that there are many Catholics among ourselves who have been bitten at least with the vice of that baneful curiosity, against which the Fathers of the Council of Baltimore speak, while it is to be feared that there are others who still consider themselves not unfaithful children of the Church, who have given in to this modern form of dealing with the devil to a far greater extent than that of mere curiosity.

At Home and Abroad.

VI.—THE HASLI-THAL.

WE rest for awhile at this old Hospice of the Grimsel. Thus early in the day it is free from tourists, and the silence of the icy region is upon it. We climb its massive outer staircase, which is as much protected as it can be in a corner nook of a recess, and are welcomed by one of those noble dogs of St. Bernard which have made for themselves a name and place high up in the annals of charity. Now that the monks are gone, we seem to recognize in the noble animal the fittest representative of the place and its tradition, and enter the large reception-room, as many a traveller before us has done, under his escort and protection. But we must not linger, for we have a long march before us, even if we do not push on to Meiringen to-night, and so we call our guide and start for the descent down the upper valley of Hasli (*Oberhaslithal*), for though we have descended from the heights above to the Hospice, we must remember that we are still nearly six thousand five hundred feet above sea level. And this fact the rugged sterility of the spot makes sufficiently manifest. We must work our way some distance down ere we can look for trees or cheerful vegetation. However, the day is bright and pleasant enough, and the snow and bleached rocks assume an accordant aspect, as far at least as such grim personages can be induced to smile.

It is a two hours' walk from the Hospice to Handeck, which in these desolate regions rises to the dignity of a village in right of some three log-huts which are here clustered together: as indeed it well may, seeing that between these two stations there is only one solitary *châlet*, which stands in the dreariest swamp which could well be imagined.

Of course, the Hasli-thal is not without its river. The Aar, which descends from the two enormous glaciers that bear its name, and lie high above the left side of the valley as we are now descending, is not just yet a stream of any great import-

ance, but it is our guide and companion through the whole of our way, and grows into grand dimensions by the aid of tributary streams which other glaciers pour in on its march to the Brienzer See.

On quitting the Hospice our course lies down a steep glen, through which the Aar is working its way ; but our path, wild and steep enough in all conscience, cannot keep pace with the headstrong river, and so we at times lose sight of it, and then again find it leaping across our path, and indeed filling it : for the glen is now so narrow that both path and river must for a while struggle on together. Then again it plunges headlong downward, and we wind in tortuous course until we meet again in the vale of the dismal swamp, where the one house stands and glories in the sonorous name of Räterichsboden.

But why a solitary châlet in such a spot ? The presence of sundry pigs and goats affords the answer. The lake which evidently once filled the spot, has left some earth in its half-dried bottom ; and so man and nature have combined their efforts, until a scanty herbage has sprung up, so rank and poor that it would be called waste land elsewhere, but here is evidently regarded by the solitary household as a rich and fertile valley. Once more our way closes in upon us, and now we reach a part of the path which was long a *via mala* to men and mules. The rocky way suddenly loses its roughness, and swells up into a convex surface as smooth as glass ! For about a quarter of a mile this stony mockery of ice extends, and over it man and beast must pass if they would reach Meiringen.

This *Böse seite*, as the people naturally call it, for a worse path could hardly be imagined, was evidently the bed, or rather the path, of a glacier which has long since passed away. The ice in its slow, heavy march has ground down the rough surface of the iron rock, and polished it by its enormous friction into a smoothness which the storms of succeeding centuries have not been powerful enough to eat into and roughen. Nor has ice alone done the work which is here wrought as if for eternity : the masses of stone which it has broken down and pressed beneath its feet have cut deep crevices in their rocky way, and like fierce captives in a conqueror's train, have left these traces of their forced progress along the way which they have been dragged by a will as impetuous as, and a force still greater than their own. It is well to come across a tract like this after visiting the great glaciers ; for it completes the impression of

Power which they have made upon the mind. Calculations may be made by which we may estimate what these mighty glaciers can do, but the mind with difficulty grasps these numerical conclusions, and is overwhelmed by magnitudes beyond its comprehension; but here the eye can assist the mind and see by what has been what is now being done. These marks of glacier action are in many lands, and indeed we need not go abroad for what we can find with a little diligence at home; but here in the glacier land we seem to understand them better, where indeed they write their lesson in so bold a hand that "he that runs may read."

However, this bright bald head (*helleplatte*), for so it is called in one of its many names, is not so dangerous as of old to those who would count its wrinkles and measure its bumps; the Liliputians who would Spurzheim-ize this Gulliver, need have now no fear of falling into the open mouth which yawns below, for a road, which could not cross the smooth convex surface, has been formed round its edge, where post and railing protect and encourage the traveller as he skirts the brink of the precipice over which it hangs. And now our downward path brings us gradually into the region of pines. The stunted bushes, which yet are beautiful in their flowers and fruits—for the cranberry and rhododendron are hardy mountaineers—gradually give place to, or at least receive into their company, less hardy trees, and we soon plunge into a forest of firs, which in these higher regions, clumping themselves into groups with open glades between, assume all the beauty of a noble domain, and lead one almost to expect to see in the distance some stately mansion with its fair surroundings.

Still downwards winds our pleasant way through the now thickening pine forest; again we cross the Aar, and linger for a while upon a romantic bridge which here spans its rapid and noisy waters. It is a scene which would make the fortune of a place anywhere but in Switzerland, but here it detains the passer-by only for a few minutes. On one side the now abundant river leaps in wild cascades from the height above close upon the bridge itself, which is thrown boldly just above the stream from rock to rock, resting midway upon a pinnacle which is indeed the head of the rock through which the river has cut two passages for itself. Here the wild waters struggle with all their force against the firm rock which rives them in twain, and in fierce eddies dash at last through the arches. We

cross to the other side, and there is the water rushing out, not to rest after its struggle and to flow on calmly for a time, but to dash at once headlong over a steep precipice into the channel which it has dug for itself far below. As though to give dignity to the scene, the cliffs which inclose this second bold leap rise up far above the bridge, and thus give finer proportions to the walls which shut in the now really noble Aar. We would fain linger here, but we are told of a wilder and grander scene beyond, and so we hasten to the one or two *châlets* which constitute the village of Handeck and give a name to what is more properly called the Fall of the Aar.

Here we find a modest inn, but we are too much occupied with the thought of the Aar to do more than ask for a guide to the great lion of the place. Indeed, there is no need of a guide, for the roar of the lion makes its whereabouts known; but the guide is rather a keeper, and naturally looks for a gratuity, which is well deserved if only for the pretty path laid out and the useful bridge erected to make the scene still more enjoyable.

It is allowed by competent authority that the Falls of the Aar is "perhaps the finest cataract in Switzerland," and in a land of cataracts, what more could be said? So we expected much, and were not disappointed. It gives some idea of the steepness of the way we are following, to find ourselves, so near the bridge we just now crossed, once more on a level with the river, which there made that bold plunge downwards. But here it is again; and now a little frail structure spans the turbid waters, which have just under our feet to make that wild leap which constitutes the celebrated fall. Here we stand scarcely five feet only above the river, and right down before us it hurls its copious waters in one unbroken sheet full two hundred feet. At least one hundred feet it springs without a break in its enormous mass; as though in rivalry of glaciers, which elsewhere flow like rivers, the Aar here rolls its huge bulk of water like one compact sheet of ice. But now its downward roll is strangely broken, for not only do customary jutting rocks tear up its smooth waters into foam and spray, but another river, pouring in from one side, takes the same leap at right angles to the Aar, and loses its waters in the mist which streams up from the eddying confusion below. Grand indeed is this meeting of the waters: the smaller river, bright with the crystal brightness it has brought from its adjacent glacier-home, leaps into the wild Aar, which is turbid with the travel-stains of its wild career

through the long pass. Beautiful must it be when the morning sun colours into rainbows the upward rolling mists; but now, in the afternoon, the gloom of the narrow gorge paints in sterner colours the wild scene, and deepens into sublimity what earlier must have been so fair. Somehow, as we hang over that massive wave, which the eye tries to follow to the depths below, the smaller river fixes our attention and seems to claim almost a human sympathy. It is so bright and young, so fresh and vigorous, so unlike the turbid waters it for a moment hangs over; it seems so like a young, pure life in the strength and ignorance of innocence, about to plunge into the sin-polluted world, that the heart yearns to stay it in its course, or at least to mourn over the ruin which seems inevitable. But, as in the world, that fearful leap is ever being made, and the bright flash disappears in the insatiable torrent.

After a brief rest at the châlet, we resume our march, and descend rapidly to the valley below. The pass at this lower level is still wild and narrow; the black cliffs shut it in, ice-fields show themselves occasionally in the openings above, and huge fragments of rock lie scattered about, while high overhead still larger masses hang threateningly upon crag and slope, giving evident token of what earthquakes have done and may yet do again. The Aar is now a wild foaming and roaring torrent, and harmonizes well with the scene of fierce desolation. Through such an avenue as this we see our quarters for the night; and the rain, which has for some time been threatening, now comes down and makes the distant prospect of what looks warm and comfortable still more inviting. A path through the poor meadows which surround Guttunen leads us up to a very unassuming, but what proved to be a very comfortable inn—"the Bears"—and here we meet some friends who had been with us before; and so we are welcomed doubly, by host and guests, and in due time enjoy pleasant slumbers in what Baedeker calls "the largest and the poorest village in the Oberhaslithal."

Are we awake or are we dreaming? So we question ourselves in the late night or early morning: for under our windows is a concord of sweet sounds, so wildly sweet and so sweetly wild, that it arouses us with a thrill of delight and then soothes us with its full harmony. A Swiss melody by a body of fine voices, rich with those strange cadences, now rising in full power, now sinking almost to a whisper, and then leaping

upwards lark-like to heaven. Who does not know them? Anywhere, and under any circumstances, how fascinating they are. But here and now—here in the very heart of Switzerland, and now in the calm night—how is the beauty enhanced by these fresh charms of surprise and mystery.

When we wake in the bright morning, our fellow-traveller—the other half of our “we”—is questioned about this music of the night, and he testifies to the reality of the serenade. We look out upon the quaint log *châlets* which surround our inn, and we see an active people at work in their various vocations, and we speculate upon their sedate faces and try to discover the musicians of the past night; and we think to ourselves that if Baedeker is right, and that Guttenen is the poorest village in this Hasli Valley, poverty, content, and musical refinement may sometimes at least go together.

But among those who civilly saluted us when we appeared at the window, is our guide, and he is evidently ready for the journey of to-day; so in due time we are at the street door, and start on our onward way. But here is a puzzle. Every step of our way seems but a return upon our steps of yesterday. We are leaving Guttenen behind us, and here are the meadows; before us the valley, closed in at the distance by the heights we so recently left. What does it mean? A few words explain all. The inn stands right across our path: we came in at one door and have come out at another opposite; and so our backs and not our faces are towards the Grimsel. In truth, Guttenen has no street in particular, the houses being seemingly dropped down by accident anywhere; or, to speak more correctly, the people have built their wooden *châlets* wherever they found it most convenient, and so, not studying general effect, have built most effectively.

Everybody knows the general characteristics of a Swiss house, and wonders at its enormous roof, which seems far too large, and consequently projects over the front and back, and on the sloping sides almost to the ground. But these projections are the protection of the open galleries and outer stairs which run in front of each storey, while at the sides they afford shelter for carts and cattle. Their size, moreover, with their high pitch, render them a shield of defence against the snow, which can find no valleys in the one roof to rest in. These outer staircases and heavy galleries, like the strange roof, have grown out of necessity. Where snow falls so heavily and lies

so deep, these houses would be inaccessible were there no outer approaches to the upper rooms. And so it is that what necessity requires grows into the picturesque when it is honestly and truthfully carried out. And perhaps this is why a Swiss chalet is a beauty in Swiss scenery, while it is too often but an impertinence and a blemish in the suburbs of London or Paris.

But we resolutely turn our backs upon Guttenen and its quaint chalets, and wend our way in the fresh morning—all the fresher and brighter for the rain of last night—along the meadows, which seem so fair even in their scant crops, after the rocky wastes we have lately traversed. And now our path rises abruptly as the valley once more closes in upon the river; indeed, the pass is here so narrow that the cliffs have been blasted to make the narrow path which hangs high over the stream. Then the valley expands again at Im-Boden; and now, with alternate risings and fallings, the winding path brings us to the end of the pass, and at Im-hof we find ourselves once more upon a carriage road which runs from this point to Meiringen. The entrance to the valley, which is to us the exit, is very striking. In front is the green valley which is traversed by the carriage road that winds off on one side towards the Gasten Pass; for it can find no way up the steep entrance to the Grimsel. There stands as warder of the pass the noble Mährenhorn, the rock of jadestone, some nine thousand six hundred feet high, and in this position, with the smooth grass plain before it, and nothing of equal height at hand, it towers in regal majesty, a lineal descendant of the giant race whose home is in the snows and glaciers of the now distant Rhone Glacier.

And now we are once more upon the level earth. A broad road winds through fertile meadows from pretty Im-hof, which with its smart hotel and villa residences has quite a suburban look; and as we have turned our backs upon the lofty Mährenhorn and all the glories of the Grimsel, we should expect a very ordinary walk along a dusty road to Meiringen, did not the Kirchet rise before us and shut in the fertile meadows we are traversing. This Kirchet is a limestone hill about eight hundred feet high, and up its steep front winds in zigzags the only road out of the valley. Evidently here has been a broad lake into which our old friend the Aar emptied itself. But now the river flows on peaceably, if not slowly; for it has cut for itself—or a friendly earthquake has split for it—a strange passage right

through this Kirchet, which we shall presently see. So leaving the long zigzags and climbing the steep face of the cliff, we soon find ourselves at a roadside inn, through the gardens of which a post directs us, *Zum finstern Aarschlucht*. It is a rough scramble down a hill-side, with occasional ricketty steps to this "gloomy channel of the Aar," as it is so truly called. Our path ends in a dim cavern, which has evidently been worn by the waters and then left to ruin when their volume diminished. The roof is broken at places, and lets in more water than light; but at the further end is a bright piece of what looks like sand, but is in reality the worn limestone rock, a fitting margin for the rapid Aar which dashes past with its wonted rush and turmoil. And here we stand within the indented wall of rock which rises sharp and clear full three hundred feet above the surface of the river that winds around the curves of this strange mountain channel. In short, it is another gorge in many respects similar to those we have already seen near Vernayaz, and evidently has been produced by the same cause—an earthquake—which has done for the Aar what that river never could have done for itself; opened a passage for it out of Im-boden, and left it free to pursue its cheery march to the lake of Brienz.

And now, like the Aar, we have left the Ober for the Unterhaslithal. The lower valley of Hasli is far different from the upper one which has brought us from the Hospice at Grimsel; but it has special beauties of its own which gain an additional charm from the contrast which well-wooded heights, fertile meadows, and rich orchards afford to the stern grandeur of the land of the glacier and avalanche. Yet are there not wanting tokens enough in the midst of all this sylvan beauty to remind the traveller that what he has left behind is still near enough to do its wild work at times. The vast ice-fields and snow-crowned heights which we looked down on from the Eggisch-horn, which we skirted as we traversed the Valley of the Rhone, and out-flanked in the Grimsel Pass, hang high above over this lower Hasli, and form a background to the softer picture which shuts in Meiringen. Down these heights several important streams discharge themselves, forming in their play the beautiful falls which here abound, and of which the celebrated Reichenbach is the chief; but when they come in wrath they hurl down rocks and mud upon the ill-fated vale, and swell the already impetuous Aar until the land becomes a marshy desolation. But now the dangerous river is carefully and strongly walled in, and, like a

rebellious prisoner in a strait jacket, moves on in peace; or perhaps, to use a more courteous figure to an old friend whom we have known from youth and have followed in its early riot, the Aar may be said to have tamed itself down to the sober requirements of the civilized world in which it now finds itself, and spends a reputable middle life in all the decorum which befits its maturity. But in truth we sympathize with the noble river in this its new aspect, and yearn, as it must needs do, after the vagabondizing which made the Oberhasli life so much more eventful and personal than this Unterhasli one. So when we find ourselves imprisoned in a diligence for a drive of nine miles to Brienz, we grow sulky, and scarcely deign to look out of the opposite window above the bulky form of the conductor, at scenery which indeed has little to recommend it. But now we draw near the lake (Brienzer See), and our flagging attention is aroused by the tokens which lie scattered around of the desolation which mud torrents and landslips have wrought.

And so we find ourselves once more in the old familiar way and amid the crowd of tourists who are hastening to Interlaken, and in truth we cast somewhat troubled glances at our toil-worn and travel-stained clothes, which are hardly in keeping with the fresh toilets about us; but we feel consolation in the thought that in little more than an hour we shall find ourselves at home and in company (we hope) with our long-lost luggage, which is to meet us at Interlaken.

It is a pretty steam down the lake of nine miles, and when we reach the old landing place at Bönigen, we are surprised to find that our journey is not yet over, and that a new railway carries us on into the very heart of Interlaken, if such a grand agglomeration of hotels and shops can be supposed to have a heart.

We are soon in comfortable quarters and in the midst of our luggage at the *Jungfrau*, as we made sure we should be; for are we not in the house of one of the Seilers, whose name implies as much in Swiss hotels as Rothschild's does on the Exchange, and moreover past experience has given this house a very rosy tint in our memory-pictures.

Interlaken is not a place we should care to spend a long vacation in, though for a few days it affords admirable headquarters for all kinds of travellers, but especially for those who wish to do Switzerland luxuriously. Carriages are ready to take you to many points of interest, and the horses you drive

expect to be converted into mules for mountain climbing when the carriage can convey you no further. Then when the road is once more attained a brief interval fits all for the drive home, where a sumptuous *table d'hôte* awaits you. When after this and the necessary cup of coffee in the pleasant verandah, what can be desired but a quiet stroll in the cool evening? Or if something more may be needed when the body is perhaps too wearied for active idleness, and the mind, excited by the grand scenes the day has revealed, needs more repose than mere gossip can afford, why, Interlaken has wisely provided a Cursaal where excellent music is given in the midst of the usual accessories of reading-room and restaurant. But the Cursaal must vindicate its name; and not content with the cures which these can work, it has its more orthodox schemes for putting people to rights, with its grapes and goats' whey, of course under medical advice. A pleasant lounge is this Cursaal; enough of overhanging height and bright waterfall is there to give it its Swiss character, and somewhat, too, is there of Swiss bad taste in the illumination with varied coloured lights of the really grand fountain, which stands in need of no such stagey embellishment. Everything else is in simple good taste, and so we may forgive this poor device, which indeed is far more excusable here, where the fountain is artificial, than at Giessbach, or Reichenbach, where nature is put into such theatrical guise and is rewarded by clapping of hands.

Now that we are in a Protestant canton, we have to regulate our movements accordingly; and so, with many others of the faithful, we get to Interlaken on Saturday to secure our Mass for the next day. We have nothing to complain of in the way of church accommodation here. The authorities have set aside an old conventual church, as the guide-books call it, for the use alike of Catholics, Presbyterians, and Church of England people. It is more like a large house than a Church, and so can, fortunately, accommodate all the respective "rites" at the same time. Notices are posted up that no worshipper may go astray, and we found ourselves very fairly accommodated in the first floor. We have no misgivings as to being in the right room, for a Dublin priest kneels beside us, while another familiar face is soon seen at the altar. Pleasant is it to meet old friends in foreign lands; but here and under such circumstances how is that pleasure increased.

The afternoon is pleasantly spent in a visit to the Giessbach

waterfall, which, in spite of its scenic gettings up, is very pretty. Indeed it cannot be better described than by this word "pretty," and yet it falls from a lofty mountain right down into the lake. Thus there is no lack of height nor of water. But it is so broken in its fall, that it is at best but a series of small cascades, while the rich timber background, the several bridges which span it where they are most effective, its winding paths and its artificial galleries, all combine to dress it out in so artificial a guise that it would be scarcely out of place at Versailles, so dainty and Watteau-picture like has it been made by its proprietors; for proprietors it has who direct and illuminate its waters as regularly as they do the large hotel which commands it, and who indeed charge for it in the bill like any other article furnished!

The next morning we set out for Lauterbrunnen and the Mürren in the easy fashion which here prevails. A pleasant drive it is beside the sparkling Lütchine, past the ruin of Manfred's castle—which, however, has a pleasanter and more authentic legend attached to it—between the high hills which form a fitting entrance to the valley of Lauterbrunnen, and stand so well in the foreground of the grand view from Interlaken which leads up and finds its climax in that glorious group whose queen is the Jungfrau.

Ere long we pass the entrance of that side valley (with of course its own stream, the black Lütchine) which leads up to Grindelwald. It is a sore temptation, and we feel half inclined to turn aside and show our young companion the icy glories of that region among which we once spent many pleasant and exciting hours; but we persevere in our original plan and postpone that excursion for another day, which somehow never came. So on we drive, and in good time arrive at the village, which spreads itself out in the lower valley of Lauterbrunnen. "Nothing but watersprings!" is a queer but very graphic name for the place, and so we find some thirty mountain streams pouring down on all sides into the low valley; for low indeed it lies between the mountains which shut it in, although it stands more than two thousand four hundred feet high. The narrowness of the valley adds to its apparent depth, for here the lazy sun never rises in summer until seven o'clock, and if it rises at all in winter it is not till mid-day. But we did not come to Lauterbrunnen to linger in the depths below, and therefore we return to our more familiar form of life, and grasp the alpen-

stocks—which thus far have reclined, like ourselves, at ease and idleness in the carriage—and start for the heights above. But first we linger for a brief interval while our driver and horse are converting themselves into muleteer and mule, and gaze upon that beautiful queen of this valley of waters, the Staubbach. “The dust-stream” seems hardly so happy a name for this graceful fall as “Nothing but watersprings” for the vale of streams. It shoots out over the face of a precipice and falls nearly unbroken between eight and nine hundred feet. The water is sufficiently plentiful, but the height is so great that the stream never reaches the base of the cliff: it literally dies out in what Byron so truly says is “neither mist nor water;” indeed, seen from the front, with the cliff as its background, it is like a white horse-tail, waving to and fro in the air and never touching the ground; but seen from the side, with the bright sky behind, it changes to a tint almost black, and then bears some resemblance to the dust cloud to which its name likens it. It is a wonder of grace, and its ever-varying outlines—if what is so evanescent can be said to have outlines at all—curve into every conceivable line of beauty. It folds and winds itself like a gauze scarf in the hands of a skilful artist; there are no tokens of power, much less of that agony which seems to characterize masses of falling water; there is no fierce plunge over, no headlong fall, no impetuous dash against the rocks in its descent and in its final crash, which give to many a Swiss torrent a semblance of human desperation and agony. Here all is beautiful and every suggestion is cheerful. It is a gay dance of lively water; springing lightly into the air, it sports in mazy figures in an element scarcely less substantial than itself, it lingers in its downward way as though it were constrained by no influence but its own wayward fancy, and when at last it appears to be touching the rude earth it vanishes into light air and disappears, a veritable Undine.

And now all are ready, and we start for the Mürren: it is a climb of less than three thousand feet above Lauterbrunnen; but it will bring us high enough to command a view of the grand range which towers above us down here in the valley. We are to climb up the right side of the valley, as we look down it, and to gaze at ease from a comfortable hotel over the Jungfrau and the rest of the noble mountains which we looked upon from behind when we were on the Eggisch-horn. So up we scramble, and soon find crossing our rocky and slippery moun-

tain path the mountain stream, which is on its way to the lower world and renown, by its spring into new life and beauty as the Staubbach.

Our path winds in steep ascents through a forest, through openings in which we get very promising glimpses of snowy Alps ; after a while we are clear of the trees and find ourselves upon a terrace along which we stroll, while one of the grandest panoramas in this part of Switzerland spreads itself out before us. As we advance along this glorious upland path which overhangs the valley, nearly hidden by its perpendicular sides, beneath our feet, we have the chief range of the Bernese Alps before us, and seemingly close upon us. Here, as from almost every point of view, the Jungfrau is the Queen of the Mountains. The graceful form of its head, the exquisite curvature of its snowy ranges, mark it out as an object of especial beauty ; and moreover, it has the charm of more intimate acquaintance, for have we not watched it from our windows at its namesake at Interlaken, and seen it under such various aspects and conditions—now in the cold moonlight, which rested so tranquilly upon its virgin snow ; again in earliest sunrise, when its snowy beauties gradually unveiled and warmed themselves into a rosy glow, until the whole mountain seemed to palpitate with light ; or again when the mists had jealously wrapped its glories from the ardent gaze, and the Jungfrau coquettishly looked out with a quick glance ere the dark mantle again closed over it ?

And so it comes to pass that the Jungfrau is *the* mountain, *par excellence*, at Interlaken, while its stern brothers, the Monk, the Eagle, the Breithorn, and the rest, are little cared for in their sister's company, and perhaps, as elsewhere, are only valued for the sister's sake. And yet in truth these others are grand mountains, each with a special contour which individualizes it, and even with a colour which has given it a name. So we have the Schwarze-mönch, with its black precipices, a grim, black friar ; and the Silber-horn, with its dazzling whiteness ; while around their bases flows that vast sea of ice, which spread in its wider and longer range beneath our feet as we stood so recently on the Eggisch-horn. In truth, the Mürren and the Eggisch-horn are the complements to one another, and between them embrace views which take in nearly all that is grandest in this Bernese range.

It is quite in keeping with Interlaken life to find on the Mürren more than one large hotel, and to sit down at a crowded

table d'hôte to what the papers would call "every delicacy of the season." It needed a lounge on the terrace in front of the hotel after dinner to remind us how high on the mountains we were; and pleasant indeed is it to look out upon so bright and glorious a scene, with the full consciousness that all hard work for the day is over, and that when we have feasted indoors and out, we have nothing before us but a walk or scamper down the mountain side, a drive home through the wild valley, with Interlaken and the Cursaal for the evening's amusement. And if we turn our backs upon the Jungfrau on leaving the lofty Mürren, it is with none of that sorrow which parting implies; and so it is quite as a matter of course that when we have had enough of the music, news, and gossip of the Cursaal, we spend our last moments in the bright evening in gazing upon the Queen of the Mountains, now seemingly in the far distance, so inaccessible in its calm beauty, and yet withal so close upon us in that clear outline which the moonbeams trace so gently and so lovingly upon the virgin snow.

The next day we gave up the intended visit to Grindelwald; perhaps the luxurious life of Interlaken had enervated us, and so we shrink from the toil of glacier climbing, or perhaps it is the great heat of the day—who can tell? Anyhow, we preferred to steam up and down the second lake (Thuner-see), which Interlaken separates from that of Brienz. It takes less than two hours to run down the lake to Thun. The eleven miles has great variety of scenery, so that the voyage both ways well occupies the time. There are fine views of the friends of yesterday, now seen in a new aspect from the waters, and still the Jungfrau holds her own in beauty and majesty. But this mountain grandeur is left behind as we near Thun, for now over the gentle undulations of the coast are scattered modern castles and attractive villas, and in the distance up the river—which is no other than our old friend the Aar, who has worked his way through both lakes and is now on triumphant march to the capital, Berne—stands the wonderfully quaint old city which gives its name to the lake. A name, indeed, of which any lake may be proud, for Thun has a history of its own, and moreover, of it is said by Murray himself, that "there is not a more picturesque town in Switzerland." It has a wonderful street of arcaded houses (like Berne), where our walks, as at Chester, are under cover and yet out of doors. For the shops are under heavy arcades supported on columns, while the upper part of

the houses stand upon their solid foundations. Moreover, there is a quaint old castle standing on a steep hill, which rises in the very streets, and overhangs and once overawed the worthy citizens below. Now it is little more than a ruin, but a ruin turned to excellent account ; for go up which of its many staircases you will—and in such way alone can you approach it—you will find doors, closed it is true, but with a notice on each which almost takes away whatever breath the traveller has remaining after the climb, for it bids you open the door and tells you what view or terrace you will come upon. In short, the people of Thun are proud of their old castle and the grand views it commands, and so they keep walks, passages, and rustic seats in good order, and invite you to let yourselves in, and to enjoy at your leisure, without guide or fee, what is so enjoyable. And so we chronicle the good example which Thun has set to places of more pretence, and back we sail to Interlaken, to enjoy the Cursaal for the last time, where a special festival awaits us.

H. B.

To St. Thomas Aquinas,

IN GRATITUDE AND LOVE.

MARCH 7, 1876.

O SAINT beloved 'mid all the heavenly quire,
Light to my inmost life, my thought's desire,
Upon whose breast, from all base passion free,
Shone the pure beam of truth and liberty !
For highest freedom dwells with truth alone,
Which in thy bosom set her radiant throne ;
Nor for self only but for others too
Thy keen eye pierced each subtlest error through ;
Thy bright faith, pointing reason's trenchant sword,
Exposed the latent falsehood with a word,
And brought the full truth into fairest light,
Till faith beneath that vision seemed like sight.
Boyhood, and youth, and manhood, all in thee
Were steeped in glorious hues of charity :
Thy path pursued the course of truth's own sun,
At midday brightest as thy work was done.
Favoured beyond Augustine, for no hour
Of weakness yielded thee to sin's dark power,
With range as vast of intellectual sight,
But ne'er o'erclouded by a moral night !
Most blessed among Doctors, on whose lips
The truth—thy portion—suffered no eclipse.
As thy life's course no saddening failure knew,
From first to last to God thy Saviour true.

Rewarded wast thou with light's purest ray,
Gilding a realm of unexampled sway,
Divine and human wisdom intertwined,
Ne'er sphered before, as then, in one great mind.
Man's lowest and his highest—all between
Man fallen and the God-Man—by thee was seen ;
Thee the Good Shepherd dowered with richest grace
His death, His banquet, and His love to trace ;
His work in nature, and in lines of gold
The people He created to unfold :
And God's own majesty ne'er stood expressed
With human words like thine made manifest.

For Mary's love obtained from Mary's Son,
Greatest and humblest thou should'st be in one,
And thy life seem the echo of her word
Who said, "Behold the Handmaid of the Lord."
Thus thine the lily of rare Innocence,
And thine the crown of mightiest Sapience;
And since that youthful victory, when the flower
Of grace was kept in Rocca Secca's tower—
The Queen of Angels girt thee with her zone,
For evermore her favourite son to own,
That on thy mind no stain of ill might fall,
Nor matchless wisdom be to pride a thrall.

Such as thy life, thy life's work was to be,
For ever crowned with light and purity,
Not lessening in the distance, not concealed
By envy, but with time yet more revealed,
Like a deep mine of unexhaustive thought,
Whence many a seeker gems of knowledge brought.
And still from age to age as errors rise
To veil with transient clouds the darkened skies,
Science in thee her spotless mirror finds,
Rendering pure truth to unpolluted minds.
For from the Cross thy light came: from that throne
God, the Creator and Redeemer, shone
With fullest beauty on thy virgin heart,
Which chose in Him its first, last, only part.
Before the Cross thy prayers, thy tears were shed,
And from the Cross He called to thee, and said:
"Well hast thou written of Me; what shall be,
Thomas, for this My guerdon unto thee?"
"Lord, nothing but Thyself." O saintly word,
Which by the King of Saints was straightway heard!
He called thee to complete in Paradise
The work not all achieved with earth-bound eyes,
Gave thee to see the vision faith forestalls
In that bright presence where no shadow falls.
For when the brother, to whose longing eyes
Thy form first showed itself fresh from the skies,
Asked, what thou could'st reveal of thy new state,
What glorious tidings of its pomp relate,
Thy words were few, yet gave to understand
All the heart wishes, all the thoughts demand:
"What upon earth by hearing of the ear
We heard, in vision now we see most clear;
The City of the Lord of Hosts is this,
The City of our God: our peace and bliss."

T. W. A.

The new Mission Field in South Africa.

IN the good providence of God every portion of the world has its day, and the light of civilization is now evidently dawning on South Africa. It is through gates of gold and precious stones that the Lord of glory evidently designs to enter this hitherto neglected portion of the globe, and it is no exaggeration to say that they are now opened, as the rich diamond mines of West Griqualand as well as the Transvaal and northern gold fields are attracting populations which are fast revolutionizing these portions of the continent. But the first foundation stones only have as yet been laid of a vast edifice. These countries are but the vestibule to immense and fertile territories teeming with wealth where nature is most lavish of her gifts and where—

All but the spirit of man is divine.

Millions of souls who have never heard the Gospel preached can now be safely reached through healthy settled countries without danger and without difficulty. The door is absolutely open, and the previously insuperable difficulties have been removed. The Jesuit missions¹ of the seventeenth century inevitably failed, because both their route from the sea coast and their base of operations was a plague-stricken country where fever was even a more deadly foe than the savages with whose attacks the Portuguese found it impossible to cope. The colonists of this nation eventually found it desirable to content themselves with their seaports and a few struggling settlements on the Zambesi river, as well as at Mozambique and Quillimane. These have degenerated into wretched convict settlements, and it is only now, when through British and Dutch enterprize, the Transvaal gold fields and their rich agricultural territories are attracting populations, that efforts are in course of being made to improve the town of Lorenzo Marquez in Delagoa Bay,² and

¹ See on the subject of these missions Crétineau Joly's *Histoire de la Compagnie de Jesus*.

² The subject of the ownership of Delagoa Bay was recently submitted by Portugal and Great Britain to the arbitration of Marshal MacMahon, President of the French Republic, and decided by him in favour of the former.

join it by a short line of railway to the healthy country of the interior.

The physical geography of the South African continent is peculiar. The rivers rather drain than water the country, as they rush from very high table land with immense velocity to the ocean. Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, is only four hundred miles distant from Port Elizabeth, Algoa Bay, and it is three thousand feet above the level of the sea. In proceeding from any portion of the coast inland the traveller has to cross lofty chains of mountains and finds himself in great table lands intersected by high ground, and possessing a most delicious and healthy climate. Grahamstown in the Cape Colony is about twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea, and only forty miles from the sea coast, and statistics of the British army prove that there was here a less per-centage of illness and of death than at any other place, in the world where our troops were stationed. The Free State is a well known *sanatorium* for patients suffering from all forms of bronchial disease, and its pure dry air imparts additional vitality to weak and enfeebled frames. The seaports of the Cape Colony are perfectly healthy, and d'Urban in Natal is also unexceptionable, but it is quite different as regards harbours further up the coast. During the summer months, from November to March inclusive, a deadly fever prevails at Delagoa Bay, to which hundreds of Europeans have been victims, and the same destructive climate extends even in a worse form, not merely to the other Portuguese ports of the east coast, but throughout the extensive belt of country which stretches from the sea to the mountains. This tract comprises for the most part a wild jungle as unreclaimed as it was when the first Jesuit missionaries to South Africa fell victims to its fatal malaria. But a safe road to the interior has now been opened through the healthy countries of the south. Entering either by Port Elizabeth or Natal,³ traders now travel comparatively secure from danger either from fever or savages, up through the highlands of the interior to the Zambesi river, and thence they can now pursue their journey to the new settlement on Lake Nyassa, and Stanley has already pioneered the way thence to the sources of the Nile. Lieutenant Cameron's recent wonderful journey from the east to the west of the Con-

³ When the projected railway connects Delagoa Bay with the Transvaal, no doubt the shortest and most easy mode of entrance to the interior will be through this port.

continent still further establishes the fact that the countries now being opened up are not only remarkably fertile and rich in mineral wealth, but teeming with population. A voice now calls aloud to the great missionary orders of the Church to come to the rescue of these great nations. By the disposition of Providence the task is rendered not only possible but comparatively safe and easy. "The harvest is indeed plentiful," and all the circumstances combine to form a pressing demand for labourers to gather it in.

In considering the subject of South Africa as a mission field it is desirable to review the present position and prospects of the Cape Colony, Natal, West Griqualand, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal Republic. These are all flourishing and progressive nations, great in varied resources now commencing to be developed, and forming in unison the grand healthy highway to the vast interior. It is unnecessary to advert to the wretched Portuguese settlements on the east coast, partly populated by convicts, and whose retrogression may be principally attributed to that unhealthy climate which renders successful colonization impossible. One exception however has to be made in the case of Delagoa Bay, which must, in spite of its bad climate, become the flourishing port of a large portion of the interior so soon as the projected railway unites Lorenzo Marquez with the Transvaal.

The Cape Colony was first occupied by the Dutch under Van Riebeeck so far back as the year 1652. But it remained for many years merely a settlement intended to supply water and refreshments to the outward and homeward bound fleets of the Netherlands East Indian Company. Wine farming was successfully introduced, but even when Sir David Baird conquered the Colony for Britain in 1806, comparatively small advance had been made. The arrival of several thousand British settlers at Algoa Bay, and the introduction of sheep farming, gave a real impetus to the colony, and some idea of its present prosperity may be learnt from the fact that its exports, including diamonds, exceed in value five millions sterling per annum. While in the neighbourhood of Cape Town the principal vine and wheat districts are to be found, the eastern province is an immense sheep walk. Throughout the entire colony the soil is exceedingly fertile, and it is no exaggeration to say that by means of irrigation and railways it can be converted into one of the great granaries of the world.

The former is necessary in consequence of periodical droughts, and the latter in order to provide producers with a market. The climate is both agreeable and healthy, but the physical conformation of the country causes great varieties in temperature. In some of the elevated districts there are frost, snow, and ice during the winter months, while in those near the coast a climate similar to that of the south of Italy is enjoyed. In such an extensive region extending from Namaqualand on the west to Kaffraria on the east, and from the Orange River to Cape Agulhas, there are large districts of a varied character. Perhaps the most distinctive characteristics of the interior are great chains of mountains supporting vast table lands including immense plains styled the "Karoo," from a Hottentot word signifying dry. These last are covered by a dwarf bush which is most excellent food for sheep and suffers less from drought than other vegetation. The soil itself is peculiarly fertile, and provides with adequate moisture excellent cereals as well as the finest descriptions of fruit. The colony is sparsely peopled, for although occupying a space larger than that of several kingdoms of Europe, and embracing most productive soil and excellent pasturage, its entire population, including natives, is not more than seven hundred and fifty thousand.⁴ Public works are now in course of being pushed forward, and a steady although contracted stream of immigration is flowing from Europe towards its shores. In the western districts a railway, of which ninety miles have already been constructed, connects Cape Town *via* Wellington with the fertile districts in the neighbourhood of the town of Worcester, while in the eastern portion of the colony, northern and north-eastern lines, portions of which have already been opened, are being made from Port Elizabeth, as well as a line from East London, in what was once called British Kaffraria, to Queenstown *via* the flourishing inland town and military station of King William's Town. The great want of all South Africa is population. Skilled artisans and labourers, as well as farmers of small capital, will undoubtedly do well in the Cape Colony, but clerks and certain classes of professional men are not wanted. The principal productions of the country are wool, Angora hair (the Angora goat succeeds admirably), skins, hides, ostrich feathers, wine, horns, and aloes. The diamonds of West

⁴ It was seven hundred and twenty thousand according to the census taken last year—1875.

Griqualand and the ivory of the interior also rank among the exports.

For Catholic ecclesiastical purposes the colony is divided into two vicariates—that of the West (Cape Town) and of the East (Grahamstown). The Right Rev. Bishop Leonard, formerly a Dublin priest, is Vicar-Apostolic of the former. In Cape Town there may be between two and three thousand Catholics. Most excellent schools have been established both for boys and girls, the former of which are under the charge of Marist brothers, and the latter are conducted by ladies of the Dominican Order, most of whom have been sent from Sion Hill Convent, near Dublin. His lordship the Bishop and his excellent staff of priests are indefatigable in attending to the spiritual necessities of their people, the lower classes of whom are surrounded by a large Mahomedan population of Malay extraction. A special Protestant Mission did exist, and perhaps still does exist, to these people; but it is a lamentable fact that there is a larger number of persons of European extraction who have conformed to Mahommedanism, or having been secured as infants have been brought up in it, than of those who have abjured the Prophet in order to embrace Christianity. The Catholic population of the Cape Colony almost entirely comprises people either of Irish birth or of Irish extraction, and out of the towns they are few and scattered. In the Western districts there is no congregation of any importance except at Cape Town, although there are chapels at Rondebosch (four miles distant), Simon's Town (the naval station, twenty miles distant), Kalk Bay (a watering place between Simon's Town and Cape Town), as well as at Oudtshoorn, Mossel Bay, and one or two other small villages distant several hundred miles from the metropolis. In Namaqualand, where the rich copper mines exist, the export from which amounts in value to more than £350,000 a year, and where there is a railway ninety miles in length, connecting Oó-Kiep with Port Nollath, a mission conducted by French priests is directed principally to the conversion of natives. Here there is undoubtedly a field for exertion, but it is among a most wretched class of people. The Damaras, Orampas, and Korannas are the least intelligent of the South African races. Their home is in a wretched desert, which would not be occupied by Europeans but for its mineral wealth, and their nomad habits make the task of conversion almost impossible. French priests of the Order of the Holy Ghost are also stationed

in a civilized and settled portion of the colony, within the Mossel Bay, George Oudtshoorn, and Victoria West districts. Stretching up to the northward, and westward from the village which bears the last-mentioned name, is a vast tract very sparsely peopled by nomad tribes of Korannas. With every respect, I must be permitted to say that the Fathers of the Order of the Holy Ghost have been sent into the most contracted and least promising mission field of Southern Africa, while the great fertile regions teeming with population, extending between the Limpopo and Zambesi rivers, and thence onward towards the sources of the Nile, are left without a single Catholic missionary. There certainly seems to exist a want of thorough knowledge in Europe with regard to the position and requirements of this portion of the world. I am far from wishing to say that the good fathers now labouring in the poor unpromising field which has been given to them, may not produce fruit. But there is an incomparably greater work left unattempted in regions where the harvest is a thousandfold more abundant, and it is specially to this most important subject I am desirous of calling attention. It may be said, and no doubt is said justly, by the Vicars-Apostolic in the Cape Colony and Natal, that they have sufficient work to attend to within their own jurisdictions, and have neither the men nor the means to enable them to send missions among the natives. But this answer serves considerably to strengthen the argument in favour of a great special force being devoted to the purpose. I trust to show that the head-quarters of this expedition should be placed in the Eastern Vicariate of the Cape of Good Hope, and that a chain of stations ought to unite the most distant mission with head-quarters. And here I deem it desirable to answer a possible objection with reference to any great missionary movement into South-eastern Africa being premature. Unfortunately, the very opposite is the case. Protestant missions are already established in the country of Lo Bengolo at the Northern gold-fields, not far from the Zambesi, in a fertile excellent country, amidst a large population; and a settlement has recently been commenced at Lake Nyassa in a more northerly direction. A thorough study of the entire subject will convince every impartial mind that the time has indubitably come when, with the best possible prospects of success, a movement can be made of a character and nature commensurate to the importance of the field.

Before specially adverting to the subject of the site of the head-

quarters of the South-east African missions, it is desirable to review briefly the position and prospects of religion within the Eastern Vicariate of the Cape of Good Hope and the Vicariate of Natal. The former is bounded on the north by the Orange River and on the east by Kaffraria proper. It comprises several thousand European Catholics, most of whom are residents of the towns of Port Elizabeth, Grahamstown, King William's Town (military station), Graaffreinet, Algoa Bay, Uitenhage (twenty miles from Port Elizabeth and joined to it by railway), Fort Beaufort, and Bedford, at each of which places there is a priest and a chapel. Grahamstown, distant ninety miles from Port Elizabeth, and possessing a most delightful and healthy climate, is a town of about eight thousand inhabitants, excellently laid out in wide streets intersected by beautiful gardens. This is the episcopal city and the residence of the Right Rev. Bishop Ricards, who was recently nominated as *dignissimus* for the bishopric of Ferns in Ireland. His lordship visited Europe last year, and was signally successful in obtaining priests and professors. He has thus been able to accomplish a work of the most vital consequence to religion in South Africa, by establishing St. Aidan's Seminary under the management of the Rev. Fathers Bridge, Law, and Lea, of the Society of Jesus. Two other Fathers of the same order, from Holland, have been stationed in the old Dutch town of Graaffreinet, where their services are calculated to prove of the utmost value. Bishop Ricards is not only a man of most exceptional ability, but so prudent and conciliatory as to deservedly secure the confidence of the Government and the affection of the people of the Colony. His zeal for education is unbounded, and his most hearty and most effective co-operation will do much for the prosperity and progress of St. Aidan's Seminary and the efforts of the Society in charge of it. Already the most sanguine expectations of its friends have been surpassed, and additional buildings are absolutely required for this flourishing institution. Port Elizabeth (Algoa Bay) contains more than double the number of Catholics in Grahamstown, and there is no place in South Africa, not excepting Cape Town, in which a larger business is transacted. The exports, including diamonds, amount in value to nearly three million pounds sterling per annum, and the principal business connected both with the Free State and Griqualand West is conducted here. St. Augustine's is the only consecrated Catholic Church in Southern Africa; and the great organ, erected at a cost of

considerably more than £2,000, in memory of the Very Rev. Dr. Murphy, its late revered pastor, is not only a monument to one of the pioneer missionaries of this country, but a testimony of the generosity and gratitude of the people. Most excellent schools for girls prosper under the charge of nuns of the Dominican Order, and the Bishop trusts to obtain Christian Brothers for the instruction of boys. Lines of railway both to the northward and north-eastward of Port Elizabeth are at present in course of construction, and a branch from the latter will soon connect the episcopal city with the seaport. The population of Port Elizabeth is fifteen thousand, but it is fast increasing.

In Uitenhage, twenty miles distant, there are a few hundred Catholics, but in other villages where there are chapels the number is not so great. The entire efforts of the Vicariate have necessarily been bestowed upon the white population, and no Catholic mission yet exists to the great tribes of Tambookies, Fingoes, and Kafirs, who dwell in the eastern districts, on its borders, and in Kaffraria proper. The Protestants of various denominations possess several establishments, the most successful of which is at Lovedale Alice, where industrial pursuits, as well as the branches of a liberal education, are taught successfully. The Kafir is physically and mentally a superior man. He is incomparably more intelligent than the Korannas or Damaras of the West Coast, and is far superior in all respects to the negro. Hundreds of thousands of these people dwell in or close to the colony, in regions enjoying an excellent climate, and where both pastoral and agricultural farming is successful. Keeping on the healthy high lands of the interior, and going eastward, we find extensive populations, the most dominant of which is the Zulu Kafir, and the most docile the Mashona race. Millions of human beings are spread throughout these vast regions, extending to the Zambesi and beyond to the lakes, and there *is not in this immense field of labour one Catholic Missionary*.⁵ Preliminaries have now been adequately and satisfactorily arranged in the Eastern Vicariate of the Cape Colony. A flourishing ecclesiastical Seminary has been founded under Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and the time has arrived when it is desirable to build on this foundation. The Vicars-

⁵ There is a special Catholic mission to the Basutos under the Vicariate-Apostolate of Natal. Of course this is necessarily of a very limited character, and is in a country which now virtually forms a portion of the Cape Colony.

Apostolic have fully enough to do in accomplishing their own work, and the great missionary effort to which I am now calling attention demands a special force with a special organization.

The Vicariate territorially the most extensive is Natal, as it not only comprises the small colony of Natal, but also the Orange Free State, West Griqualand, or the Diamond Fields, Basutoland, and the immense region known as the Transvaal Republic, stretching from the Vaal River to the Limpopo River. The Right Rev. Dr. Jolivet (Oblate of the Immaculate Conception), a French ecclesiastic long resident in Liverpool, is Vicar-Apostolic, and the majority of his priests are French. His Lordship resides at Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal, distant forty-two miles from the Port-d'Urban. There is a Catholic Church and convent at both places, but the congregations are small and poor; while at outlying stations there are only a mere handful of people. In the Orange Free State there is a chapel and priest at Bloemfontein, the capital, and other parts of this territory are periodically visited, while at Kimberley, where the great New Rush Mine is situated, in Griqualand West, there is the largest and richest Catholic congregation in the Vicariate. Here an exceedingly neat church, entirely composed of corrugated iron, has been constructed, and at this place, which only a few years ago was considered to be in the inaccessible wilds of Southern Africa, the good Fathers of the Immaculate Conception administer the sacraments of the Church to hundreds. In Basutoland, which lies in the midst of great mountains, forming the sources of the Orange and Vaal Rivers, a Catholic mission distinctively for the natives has existed for many years, and this forms the one exception to the rule, that hitherto it has been found impossible to send out missions to the native races. The Basutos are a comparatively mild and tractable branch of the Kafir race, and the steady success obtained here by the admirable efforts of French priests and nuns, proves how hopefully we may look forward to missionary efforts commensurate to the extent and population of the vast regions of which this territory forms but a very diminutive section. Basutoland is now for the most part under British protection, and ruled by British magistrates, so that it is a peaceful and settled country. In the immense regions known as the Transvaal, as well as the Orange Free State, republican forms of government and the Dutch language, with the Dutch reformed religion, prevail. The Free State is a great sheep

and cattle country, except in the eastward, where extensive crops of cereals are raised. Of the Transvaal and its productions it is difficult to speak in language which would not be considered exaggerated. United to a splendid climate and most beautiful diversity of scenery, is a soil absolutely teeming with fertility, and where the cereals of a temperate country and the productions of the tropics can be produced in abundance. Mountains, table lands, and valleys, create differences of temperature, and therefore a variety of products. The country is also rich in minerals, including coal in abundance, and at the Pilgrim's Rest, Macamac, and neighbouring gold fields, considerable success has already been obtained. Gold quartz-crushing is an industry just commencing, and which promises eventually to yield results similar to those obtained in California. The gold fields extend north-eastward through the country formerly named "Monomatapa," and marked "rich in gold" in all the Portuguese maps, as well as to regions exceedingly rich in gold quartz within the country of Lo Bengolo. These latter are distinctively known as the "Northern Gold Fields."⁶ The opening up of this rich country by a large population of diggers, and by means of the systematic application of quartz-crushing machinery, is evidently only a question of time, and it is unnecessary to advert to the wonderful change which the experience of other countries proves must follow on such a movement. At the Pilgrim's Rest gold fields there are as yet but few Catholics, but Dr. Jolivet has stationed a Catholic priest there. I am not aware that there is either chapel or priest in any other portion of the Transvaal Republic. It is scarcely necessary to remark that the excellent and able bishop in Natal has more than enough to do in attending to the spiritual wants of the white population spread throughout the immense regions over which he exercises spiritual jurisdiction, and in carrying on the single mission prosecuted with such happy results in Basutoland. Mgr. Allard, his predecessor, is now in Rome. No doubt this distinguished ecclesiastic, as well as the venerable bishops in South Africa would all unanimously report that a separate and distinct organization is absolutely

⁶ A work is just now on the eve of publication by the late Mr. Thomas Baines, F.R.G.S., which gives the fullest and most reliable information with respect to the South African Gold Fields. The map which accompanies the volume is of special excellence and value. The writer of this article was intimately acquainted with the late Mr. Baines, who died recently in Natal, and a more truthful, honest traveller never lived.

necessary to cope adequately with the great mission work to be accomplished among the natives in South-eastern Africa.

Approximately it may be stated that the undermentioned figures represent the areas and populations of the States of Southern Africa. Reference to maps will show the enormous territory they embrace :

		Population.		
		White.	Coloured.	
The Cape Colony	Western Vicariate ...	140,000	150,000	
	Eastern Vicariate ...	130,000	300,000	
Kaffraria proper, ⁷ under no Vicariate unless it be that of Natal, and in which there is neither a Catholic priest nor chapel		500	500,000	Including an area of about one million square miles, and extending from latitude 34° S. to 22° S.
Natal Vacariate	Natal ...	20,000	300,000	
	Basutoland ...	1,000	80,000	Extending from 22° to 18° south latitude.
	West Griqualand, or the Diamond Fields ...	10,000	40,000	
	Orange Free State ...	20,000	10,000	
Countries between the Limpopo and the Zambesi in which there is now neither a Catholic priest nor chapel, but in which there were Jesuit missions in the seventeenth century, from the unhealthy Portuguese coast settlements. This country is fertile, rich in gold, teeming with population, is now fairly healthy. There are Protestant missions here		100	1,000,000	
Countries to be reached by the inland healthy route, <i>via</i> Eastern Vicariate, Cape Colony, Transvaal Republic, and high lands between the Limpopo and the Zambesi				Extending from 18° S. to Lake Nyassa, where there is already a Protestant mission, in 12°, and thence upwards to Lake Victoria Nyanza under the equatorial line. Many millions of inhabitants. No approximate number can be stated.

The writer of this article has been a resident in South Africa upwards of twenty-one years, and has visited different portions of the Vicariates into which it is divided. He has knelt in Catholic chapels at the Diamond Fields, Pietermaritzburg, and D'Urban, as well as in those of Grahamstown, Port Elizabeth, and Cape Town. But many conversations with his late lamented friend, Mr. Thomas Baines, F.R.G.S., who was intimately acquainted with and sincerely trusted by Lo Bengolo, the paramount chief of the Zulu nation at the Northern Gold Fields

⁷ It is specially worthy of note with regard to this territory, that the chiefs are fast giving in their adhesion to British rule, and that magistrates are in course of being appointed. Numerous Protestant missions exist in this territory.

near the Zambesi, put him in possession of information which materially tended to convince him that one of the greatest mission fields of the world is now in course of being opened to the missionaries of the Catholic Church. The advice of the venerated bishops in South Africa would of course be of the greatest value, and could only differ as regards detail, but the foundation of an ecclesiastical Seminary at Grahamstown, in the eastern Vicariate, under the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, seems to point to that great order as the chief means, under Providence, of carrying on the great work by resuming their own missions under auspices of a character so entirely different as to make success comparatively certain. No doubt there is abundant room for other orders. Trappist establishments among the Kafir tribes of the eastern Vicariate have indeed been already suggested by Bishop Ricards, and there is no doubt that as their influence and effect on the natives would be materially useful, they would receive from the Government similar support to that already extended to Protestant industrial institutions. The time has now come for vigorous action. Delays are dangerous in a country now opening up, and in which the first comers can gain a *prestige* and influence of the utmost importance.

The establishment of St. Aidan's Seminary at Grahamstown can be aptly used as a fitting commencement to the work of missions in South-eastern Africa. It is intended in it to educate ecclesiastical students, and it will no doubt be eventually found possible to train up natives for the priesthood. The Kafir race, divided into many branches—is incomparably superior to that of the negro, and the best results can be hoped from industrial missions scattered among them. Undoubtedly every well-organized missionary arrangement will be encouraged with delight by the British Government, and the Republics ought to hail with the most lively satisfaction any means which tend to promote peace and industry.

In another article I hope to give some information with respect to the Hottentot and Kafir races. The subject is much more interesting than most people in Europe imagine, and certainly the field for the influence of religion now opening up is one of the most important and the most neglected in the world.

A. W.

The Christian Apologists.

THERE is scarcely any subject connected with early ecclesiastical history more replete with interest than the writings of the Apologists. In them we find the best, the most comprehensive history of the general state of the Church during the first three centuries of her existence. The great struggle between Paganism and Christianity during that period, the frantic attempts made to extirpate the new religion, and the devotion and courage with which these attempts were foiled—all these things the pleadings of the Apologists bring before us in the most vivid representation. Therein too we find most beautifully portrayed the many virtues of the early Christians, their spirit of piety, their meekness, their loyalty to the State, their devotedness to the poor, and all those other qualities which marked out their religion as divine. From the writings in question, we also get perhaps the best insight into the discipline of the primitive Church, for the Apologists, in vindicating the Christians from the charges made against them had to state, at least in general terms, what passed in their assemblies of devotions. It cannot be uninteresting to know something more detailed about the nature of such important documents and the personal history of their authors. The purport of the present paper is to give one and the other, as briefly as the nature of the subject will allow. In order, however, to understand and to appreciate the tenour of the Apologetic writings, it is necessary previously to state what it was that called them forth.

From the first day of her existence to the present the Church has had always some enemy to combat, some persecution to sustain. The Jews were the first to raise the standard of opposition; and we know from the Acts of the Apostles how determinedly they endeavoured to stamp out Christianity in its very origin. The opposition offered to the Church by the Jews, though violent, was not of long duration. The prophecies uttered by the Redeemer against that unhappy people were soon

to be fulfilled. In less than forty years after the first Christian Pentecost the great city was in ruins, and its people were dispersed among the nations, their name a by-word of scorn and hatred. After their overthrow by Titus A.D. 70, the Jews were not able to offer further serious resistance to the progress of the Church. Scattered throughout the neighbouring countries, it was almost considered a duty to oppress them as a worthless and traitorous people within the Empire. In the reigns of Trajan and Adrian, seduced by their false Messiahs, they made two fanatic attempts to restore their kingdom, and whatever was wanting to their ruin was then fully accomplished. But although the Jews were of themselves unable to seriously impede the spread of the Gospel, still even in their ruin they were a stumbling-block to it. As we shall have occasion to remark again, one of the causes that enraged the Pagans against the Christian religion, was that they confounded it with that of the Jews.

Ere yet the Jewish persecution had ceased, the Gentiles rose up against the name of Christ. As early as the year 64 Nero issued his edict, but what the Christians suffered under him and Domitian was almost solely the result of imperial tyranny. It was not until the reign of Trajan that the rage of the populace had fully developed itself against the new religion. Manifold were the causes that tended to beget and foster this rage, and assuredly foremost amongst them was the instigation of the powers of darkness, for the enemy of mankind could not see his empire falling without making an effort to uphold it. We, however, have only to notice those causes that appear on the surface. The first of these was the fact of a new religion rapidly spreading throughout the world. Any important change in relation to mankind is naturally looked on with suspicion, and here was being wrought a change the greatest that the world ever saw. Doctrines and principles, in complete opposition to the ideas hitherto entertained, were now openly proposed, and embraced by multitudes, whose numbers were being daily increased; the old system of religion and morality was fast passing away; and it is not strange that mankind was astonished at the change. A second reason for the general prejudice against Christianity may be ascribed to the fact that its followers used to meet in private and exclusive assemblies. There was, of course, a necessity for this. The Discipline of the Secret was wisely instituted to prevent the dogmas of religion from being

ridiculed and its sacraments profaned. But at the same time it occasioned, or at least, it tended to confirm, the calumnies that were mentioned in connection with the private meetings of the Christians. Thirdly, as we have already remarked, the Christians were to a great extent confounded with the Jews, and this very much contributed to excite the popular odium against them. It is no wonder that it should be so, for although the Jews and Christians were formally antagonistic on the great fundamental article of Christian faith, namely the divinity of Christ, still they held many things in common. In addition to this, we must bear in mind that the Christian religion commenced in Palestine, the country of the Jews, whence it spread on all sides through the world. These facts will explain why it was that the two peoples were often confounded. Now the Jews, at the time of which we speak, were objects of scorn and detestation to the other subjects of the Roman empire, and, of course, this scorn and detestation fell also on the Christians who were mistaken for them. Fourthly, a cause similar to the last mentioned was that the Christians were also confounded with the Gnostics. These latter admitted, at least in their early stages, the existence of one Supreme God, which was the great point of distinction between Christianity and Paganism. They pretended to an intimate union with Him; they had their secret assemblies for devotion; and all these things made them in the minds of the Pagans one sect with the followers of Christ. The gross abominations of which the Gnostics are accused were then commonly reported, and the popular rumour accredited them to the Christians as well as to those who in reality may have been guilty of them. Fifthly, another cause of the hardships which the first faithful had to endure, had its existence in the avarice and cruelty of many of the governors. Even at this period the Church had some possessions for ecclesiastical uses and for the poor. These possessions soon came to be spoken of, rumour magnified their extent, and the desire of acquiring them often impelled unprincipled governors to have recourse to torture and death in order to find out where they were concealed. The last cause of the fury of the Roman populace against the early Christians, which we shall notice here, was the instigation of the priests and of all others who were concerned in upholding Paganism. These saw that their emoluments and influence were in danger of being destroyed, and they made every effort to preserve them, calling on the emperors, the governors, and the

people to maintain the religion of the State, and inciting them to it by the most atrocious calumnies against all those who professed the new doctrines.

The calumnies thus charged against the early Christians, which we have now to briefly notice, are stated at length in the writings of the Apologists. From these writings we learn that the principal accusations made against them were the following : Insubordination to the laws of the State, atheism, infanticide, incest, and other immoralities. The first charge originated principally in the fact of the Christians not participating in the festivities made on the occasions of public rejoicings. The faithful conscientiously abstained from joining in these celebrations, both on account of the Pagan rites used therein and on account of the indecencies with which they were usually accompanied. This abstention was construed by the upholders of Paganism into disloyalty to the Emperors and disaffection to the laws of the State. Some of the most vigorous and pithy sentences in Tertullian are those in which he vindicates the Christians against this charge. The accusation of atheism was somewhat kindred in its origin to that which we have just mentioned. The followers of Christ would not, of course, offer sacrifice or incense to the gods of the State. From this their enemies argued that they were impious wretches, who had deliberately forsaken all religion, and who even denied the existence of any God. How beautifully and how convincingly the Apologists replied to this accusation we shall hereafter see. Probably the most usual and favourite of the accusations brought against the early Christians by their Pagan enemies was infanticide. Tertullian in his *Apology* graphically describes the nature of this charge. "*Infans tibi necessarius adhuc tener, qui nesciat mortem, qui sub cultro tuo rideat: item panis quo sanguinis jurulentiam colligas.*" According to the popular indictment the manner of initiation into the mysteries of Christianity, was to plunge a knife into the body of a newly-born infant, or at least to stand by whilst another did it, to saturate a piece of bread with the hot blood, and then to eat it. This charge was probably suggested by the knowledge that such a rite really did take place in some idolatrous communities. In like manner the accusation of the abominable impurities, which were imputed to the Christians in their assemblies, had its rise from what had transpired concerning the Gnostics. According to the calumnies circulated about them, the members of the

Christian sect used to assemble together at night, and, when they had partaken of food and drink to excess, to extinguish the lights and indulge in immoralities too hideous to be named. Their private assemblies, which, of course, they were obliged to hold, served to confirm the two last mentioned charges against the early Christians. To perform their devotions in public would be to imperil their lives, or, at least, it would cause the mysteries of their religion to be profaned. Prudence determined the faithful not to court persecution; and the wise *Discipline of the Secret* commanded them not to expose the holy mysteries to the outrages of the infidel. The private assemblies of the Christians were therefore unavoidable under the circumstances of the time. Still the Pagans calumniated them on account of a practice which they themselves had made necessary. In all this they were not unique. From that time to the present it has ever been the practice of the enemies of the Church to calumniate before persecuting her, and so probably it will be to the end of the chapter.

We have thus mentioned the principal charges which occasioned the wrath of the Pagan population of the Roman empire against the early Christians. Even before the Apologists, of whom we are about to speak, undertook to refute these charges, some of the governors of the provinces, who saw their injustice, entered protests against them. Of such protests there are two deserving of special notice, those of Pliny the Younger and of Servius Granianus. The representation made by Pliny in favour of the Christians is known to all. In the reign of Trajan, he was Governor of Bithynia, and he consulted the Emperor by letter as to how he should act with regard to them, and speaks of them in the following words :

Their only error is this, that on certain days, they meet before sunrise, and in two choirs sing hymns to Christ, whom they acknowledge and honour as their God. In their form of worship I can discover no harm, except an ill-grounded superstition carried to excess. In every other respect I find them wholly blameless : they are just and honest by principle, faithful to their promises, and worthy of the trust reposed in them. Theft and adultery are proscribed from their society, even by vow. Great are their numbers of both sexes, of every age and rank of life. The fields, the towns, and the villages swarm with them. At my arrival in the province I could hardly find a man to purchase incense for our altars : the temples of our gods were deserted and their feasts interrupted. The matter seems important and deserving your attention. Hitherto I have suspended all proceedings against them. I await your orders to direct me.

Trajan's answer to this representation is well known, and is usually considered as little consonant with that Emperor's character for wisdom. He directed that the Christians should not be sought after, but that if accused and convicted they should be put to death. This statement of Pliny is a remarkable instance of how some of the Roman governors were impressed with the falsehood of the charges laid against the Christians. We have another example of the same in the case of Servius Granianus, who was proconsul of Asia in the reign of Adrian, the immediate successor of Trajan. During this governor's time of office the rage of the Pagans against the Christians was perfectly blind in its excess. Therefore he wrote to the Emperor representing to him how unjust it was to condemn the latter upon the mere clamour of the multitude without the usual forms of trial. This representation was followed by some effect, for the answer returned by Adrian was very different from that which Trajan gave to Pliny. The Emperor instructed the proconsul that in case the Christians were accused he should hear only those who proceeded against them by a regular process of law; that if guilty they should be punished according to the offences; but that if innocent a due penalty should be inflicted on those who calumniated them. Adrian sent like instructions to many of the other governors. These rescripts, no doubt, must have considerably alleviated the hardships of the Christians, but since they did not expressly state that the profession of Christianity was no crime, they still left a terrible arm in the hands of the enemies of the faith.

The representations of those governors who were well disposed towards them, having proved ineffectual to obtain for them any adequate protection, the Christians themselves essayed to plead their own cause. Almost all those who wrote at this period in the interest of the Church were to a certain extent Apologists. Even when they wrote to defend any special doctrine or to combat any heresy, it was always in vindication of the religion which they professed. In the present paper we speak only of those who formally undertook to defend Christianity as a whole, and to clear its followers from the crimes which were charged against them. Of such writers we have record of about a dozen, and all of them, except one or two, belonged strictly to the second century. The greater number of their Apologies were directed to the reigning Emperors, namely, Adrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius. With regard to the

methods adopted by the Apologists to gain their objects, they shall be noticed to some extent as we mention each one in particular. We may, however, in general remark that they did not content themselves with defending Christianity, but also assailed the doctrines of Paganism. In view of the latter object it was a favourite theory of theirs to lay down, that whatever worship the heathens offered to their gods was in reality offered to the fallen wicked spirits. Their defence of Christianity was chiefly carried on by showing the reasonableness and the beauty of that religion, and by showing how the Prophecies of the Old Law were fulfilled in Christ. With peculiar fondness the Apologists dwelt on the blameless lives of the Christians, and on their fidelity to every duty, to all which testimony was often rendered by the Pagans themselves. As might be expected, a large portion of their writings was also devoted to refute the charges made against their co-religionists, and in this matter they chiefly relied on the absence of proof and on the unlikelihood of the crimes alleged. With these general observations, we now proceed to speak of the Apologists in particular. Of some of them, whose writings are lost, we know little more than the name. We shall, however, mention them all, or nearly all, in the order of time, stating what we deem most important regarding each, as far as limited space will permit.

The first of the Apologists who presents himself to us in the order of time is St. Quadratus. We know indeed but very little of his personal history or of his writings. A few of the details of his life and one fragment of his Apology have been preserved to us by Eusebius. From the account left by that historian, we know that Quadratus was a bishop and a disciple of the Apostles, whose zeal he imitated in spreading the faith among the Gentiles. The precise place of his birth cannot be determined, but it must have been somewhere in the East. It appears that about the year 124 the Emperor Adrian got himself initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries at Athens, and that this circumstance intensified the blind zeal of the Pagans against the Christians. A little later, probably about the year 126, Quadratus addressed to the same prince an Apology for himself and his co-religionists. The fragment preserved by Eusebius is the only index we have of the nature of this document. The Apologist shows therein the difference between the miracles of Christ and the prodigies mentioned in connection with Paganism. "The miraculous works of the Saviour," says Quadratus, "remained visible, because

they were real. The sick whom He cured, and the dead whom He raised, not merely appeared for a short time and before few, but exhibited themselves to the eyes of all during a number of years: not merely during the preaching of Jesus Christ might they have been seen alive and well, but long after He had left the world, so that some even have come down to our own days."

Little as we know of Quadratus, we know still less of his contemporary Aristides. It appears, however, that he was an Athenian by birth, and had embraced the profession of philosophy before he became a Christian. About the same time that Quadratus presented his Apology to Adrian, Aristides presented another to the same Emperor. Of the subject matter of this Apology we know nothing, but Saint Jerome praises it as eloquent and erudite. Adrian, it would appear, was somewhat influenced by these two representations in favour of Christianity. At all events, the persecution was not so violent towards the end of his reign. An historian of the third century, named Lampridius, mentions that he even proposed to make Christ one of the gods and to raise temples to Him. Whether this be true, or whether it was in consequence of the causes just mentioned, we have no means of exactly determining.

Far more celebrated than the two mentioned Apologists is St. Justin the Martyr. The events of Justin's life are given by the ancient historians with considerable detail, and most of his writings have been preserved entire. He was born about the commencement of the second century at Flavia Neapolis, otherwise Sichem in Samaria. He was in early life a Pagan, and devoted himself with zeal to seek truth in the Grecian philosophy. With a splendid intellect, and by unremitting study, he quickly mastered the various systems, and ended by attaching himself to that of Plato. Then comes the interesting story of his conversion. One day he retired to a solitary place on the sea-shore to meditate undisturbed on his favourite author. Whilst engaged in this reflection, a venerable old man approached him, and insensibly engaged him in conversation on wisdom, on God, and on the destinies of man. He showed to Justin that mere human philosophy, even that of the divine Plato, was of itself totally inadequate to clear up the important matters in question, and that therefore there was need of other aid. The old man then turned the discourse upon the doctrine of the Christians, and he endeavoured to convince the philosopher

that the Sacred Books, and especially the Prophecies, would impart to him the knowledge after which he sighed. The result of the conversation was that Justin resolved to study the books of the Christians. He devoted himself to his object with all the ardour of his soul, and assisted by grace he soon made up his mind on the absurdity of Paganism and the truth of the Christian religion. As he himself expressed it, he became truly a philosopher, "*Sic igitur ego et per talia evasi philosophus.*" One of the motives that most influenced him in his conversion was the constancy of the martyrs. He became convinced that men who suffered the most cruel torments, and even death itself, rather than renounce their belief, could not be guilty of the crimes imputed to them. After Justin's conversion to Christianity, he still retained the cloak commonly worn by the philosophers of that period. He travelled much in Italy, Egypt, and many provinces of Asia Minor, everywhere imparting to others that Gospel with the knowledge of which he now found himself so supremely blessed. Rome, however, was his ordinary abode, and it is probable that he there received the priesthood. It is certain, at all events, that he there opened a Christian school, the first that we hear of in the annals of the Church. To this school Justin invited all who wished to hear his instructions. His conferences must have had in them much of the polemical element, for he freely disputed with every adversary, whether Jew or Gentile. To the former he used to oppose the testimony of the Prophets: to the latter that of their own philosophers and poets. Amongst his disciples in this school was Tatian, afterwards so sadly celebrated as an enemy of the Church.

St. Justin was the author of several works, but it only falls within our plan to notice his Apologies. Of these there were two. The first, called the great Apology of St. Justin, was directed to the Emperor Antoninus Pius about the year 150. In the beginning of this important document the author declares his name and the place of his birth, and then ably and fearlessly sets forth his remonstrance in favour of those who professed the Christian religion. "Reason," says he, "makes it a duty with those who are truly pious and philosophic to love the truth, and to love it so as to sacrifice for its sake the prejudices received from our ancestors, and even life itself. Princes, they call you pious and philosophic; they call you the guardians of justice and the lovers of truth; we shall see if you are such. For when we present to you this writing, imagine not that

it is to flatter you or to ask a favour from you. The only thing we demand is that you order a strict inquiry, and that if we be found culpable, we be punished according to the rigour of the laws. And do not deceive yourselves; if in the process you hearken only to the desire of pleasing superstitious men, or to a blind passion, or to vain rumours, your sentence will only injure yourselves. As for us, as long as you cannot convict us of any crime, although you can sacrifice, you can never injure us." Such was the exordium of the intrepid Apologist. Never was oppressed innocence defended in tones more noble and defiant, never was martyr's courage more fearlessly displayed. St. Justin then, with admirable skill, refuted in detail the charges that were usually brought against the Christians, especially those of disloyalty to the State and of atheism. To prove the divinity of the Christian religion, he relies principally on the miracles of Christ and on the fulfilment of the prophecies in Him; and for some points—for instance, the immortality of the soul, and future rewards and punishments—he invokes the authority of the pagan philosophers. The most difficult thing was to justify the faithful against the charges alleged in connection with their private assemblies, because to reveal everything that really took place therein would be to violate the *Discipline of the Secret*. St. Justin, however, was equal to the task. He openly declares those things which it would cause no inconvenience to have known, but spoke with the most skilful reserve on the things for the sake of which the *Secret* was established. What effect this Apology had on the mind of the Emperor we cannot exactly determine. There is every reason to believe that it influenced him considerably, for he soon after directed letters to the different cities, prohibiting popular risings against the Christians. Consulted, too, by different governors of provinces, he ordered them to conform to the rescript of Adrian, already mentioned. In fine, the Christians of Asia having written to him complaining of the vexations which they had to endure, he wrote to the magistrates to prevent further persecution of them.

The second Apology of St. Justin was addressed not to Antoninus, but to Marcus Aurelius and the Roman Senate. It was called forth by the persecution which raged under the latter Emperor. The chief purport of this Apology was to show the unreasonableness of the prejudices which the Pagans entertained towards the Christians. At this time it was com-

monly imputed to the latter, that they adhered to their religion merely through a blind obstinacy. Justin replied that it was not lawful for them when questioned to deny the truth. He also declared that it was the demons, the authors of idolatry, that excited the persecution against them; but that God would one day avenge their blood. He concluded by a request that his *Apology* might be published, in order that all might know what the Christians really were, and that thus they might be freed from the unjust persecutions which brought such penalties upon them. This request would lead us to suspect that the civil power of the time had prohibited the publication of any writings in favour of the Christians.

It does not appear that this second *Apology* of St. Justin produced any good result. It was his last writing, for he was soon to become a victim to his zeal for that faith which he so nobly defended. He had drawn on himself the hatred of a Pagan philosopher named Crescens, at that time in great repute at Rome. Crescens, whom the desire of applause had induced to heap the most odious calumnies on the Christians, was confounded by Justin in a public conference. Burning with revenge, he used every means to bring about the death of his opponent. Our Saint was soon arrested, and brought with some of his companions before the tribunal of Rusticus, the prefect of Rome. By this magistrate he was interrogated upon his own profession, and then upon the doctrines of the Christians in general, and their places of assembly. In reply to the first question, he gave a detailed account of the circumstances of his conversion, but he refused to make known the places where the Christians used to assemble. Rusticus then ordered Justin and his companions to sacrifice to the gods, under the penalty of torments and death. They all at once gave a decided refusal, whereon the judge ordered them to be beaten with rods, and then executed according to the forms of law. The sentence was immediately carried out, and thus passed away one of the brightest intellects and most generous hearts that ever adorned humanity. The death of Justin and his companions probably took place in the year 167.

The next in the list of the Christian Apologists is St. Melito, Bishop of Sardis, in Asia Minor. It would appear that in his time the persecution was particularly sharp in that province. At all events he wrote to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius an *Apology* for the Christians about the year 170, or perhaps a

year or two later. Of this Apology there remain only some fragments, preserved in the history of Eusebius. From these remnants we are led to conclude that the arguments used by Melito were very like to those which had been advanced by Justin. Whether they produced any effect towards mitigating the persecution we know not. Besides his Apology, Melito composed several other works, the most remarkable of which were a treatise on the Pasch and a canon of the sacred books of the Old Testament. With these, however, we have no concern now.

At the same time with Melito, or it may be a little later, Claudius Apollinaris, Bishop of Hierapolis, in Phrygia, addressed another Apology to Marcus Aurelius. It, as well as other books of the same author, has been entirely lost, but it is very much praised by St. Jerome. Like most of the Apologies of the time, it probably had little or no effect towards mitigating the rigours of the persecution.

We have now come to the celebrated Tatian, who was not an Apologist in the same strict sense as those already mentioned. Since, however, he is ranked as such by many writers on the subject, we shall not pass him by without a notice. Tatian was born in Mesopotamia in the beginning of the second century, and brought up in Paganism. With respectable talents, and a great love of knowledge, he soon became well versed in profane learning, and especially in the Platonic philosophy. Having extended his course of reading to the sacred books, he was converted by the prophecies, and became a disciple of St. Justin. After the death of his illustrious master, he continued the lectures in the Christian school at Rome. It was probably at this period that he composed his *Oratio ad Græcos*, a work which according to many entitles its author to a place in the list of the Christian Apologists. It is right to bear in mind that in this, as in many other such titles, the term "Græcos" denotes not merely the Greeks properly so called, but all the Gentiles outside the Church. The Greeks having been the most distinguished among the Pagan nations for philosophy, literature, &c., their name was used as a common appellation for all, whenever such matters came under discussion. It was therefore to the Pagans in general that Tatian directed his *Oratio ad Græcos*. Its object was to show the vanity of their philosophy, the absurdity of their religion, and their low state of morality as compared with that of the Christians.

There is much discussion as to whether this work contains any errors. It is praised by some of the ancient authors, and it is certainly the only work of Tatian to which any praise can be awarded. Shortly afterwards he allied himself to the Gnostics, and founded the sect of the Encratites. There is no reason to suppose that he ever repented of his errors.

One of the most able and remarkable of the early Apologies for Christianity was written by an Athenian named Athenagoras. Of the personal history of this distinguished champion of the Faith we know nothing, except what we can learn from the titles of his works. From these we can merely gather that he was a native of Athens, that he cultivated philosophy, and then became a convert to Christianity. But although we know so little of his life, his Apology has come down to us entire. It was written about the year 171, under the title of *Legation*, and was addressed to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, and his son Commodus, whom his father had just associated with himself in the government. The general mode of reasoning in this Apology very much resembles that used by St. Justin. It is to be remarked, however, that Athenagoras insists far more than his great predecessor on the reasonableness of the Christian religion, and less on the prophecies regarding it; also that he does not content himself with defending Christianity, but by putting it in contrast with Paganism shows the absurdity of the latter. He complains bitterly that the Christians were the only people persecuted merely on account of their name, while perfect toleration was given to every other sect. Having mentioned the three great crimes with which they were then commonly charged, namely, atheism, the eating of human flesh, and incest, he, like Justin, invites an investigation, expressing his readiness to submit to every punishment if found guilty, but calling for justice if innocent. Then after having set forth the true nature of Christian doctrine and morality, he concludes by attacking the absurdities of Paganism. There is no likelihood that this eloquent remonstrance was productive of any result in favour of those for whose sakes it was written. The prince to whom it was addressed was deeply imbued with the errors and superstitions of Paganism, although he is usually classed as one of the wise Emperors of Rome. Once, indeed, during his reign he seemed sincerely disposed to protect the Christians, and that was after the celebrated miracle in Germany, when he himself and his army had been saved by their prayers.

His gratitude, however, seems to have been transient, or, at all events, it was not strong enough to move him to sufficient exertion on behalf of those to whom he was so much indebted. Hence the persecution continued during his reign, and the able and eloquent appeals of Athenagoras and others were unattended with the success which they deserved.

Contemporary with Athenagoras flourished another Apologist of less note, named Miltiades. We know nothing of him except his name, that he was a Christian philosopher, and that he wrote an Apology and some works against Jews and heretics, all of which are lost.

The next writer whom we shall notice in connection with our subject is St. Theophilus, Bishop of Antioch. This illustrious prelate was the author of several works against the heretics of the time, but all of them are lost, with the exception of one. This is a treatise in three books, addressed to a Pagan doctor named Autolycus, who had the reputation of great learning, but who was extremely prejudiced against the Christians. Theophilus was eminently qualified to remove such impressions, for he himself had been a Pagan in his youth, and was converted by the reading of the sacred books. It is probable that he looked upon Autolycus as a friend whose conversion he hoped for. At all events, he directed to him the books mentioned, which form a comprehensive and eloquent treatise on the subject of religion in general. This work is written with such power and skill that it is sometimes compared to St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei* and Bossuet's *Discours sur la Religion*. The first of the three books treats of God and His Providence over the world. In the second the writer shows the absurdity of the Pagan poets and philosophers regarding their gods. The third book is chiefly devoted to refute the calumnies against the Christians, and to show that in reality it is the writings of the Pagans themselves that advocate cruelty and immorality. In the conclusion of this important treatise there is given a chronology from the commencement of the world to the death of Marcus Aurelius, which is proved by the testimony of Pagan writers as well as by that of Moses. The Apology of St. Theophilus was probably written about the year 180, or a little before. The author is generally considered to have died not long afterwards, but the exact year is not known.

About the same time as Theophilus there lived a Christian philosopher named Hermias, who applied himself to turn into

ridicule the philosophy of the Gentiles. In a work entitled *Irrisio Philosophorum*, he sets forth in an exceedingly trenchant manner their contradictory doctrines upon such fundamental questions as the nature of God, the destinies of the human soul, &c. Hermias is not therefore an Apologist in the same strict sense as the others whom we have mentioned, although he is usually set down in the list. Of his personal history there is scarcely anything known.

We have now come to the most illustrious of the Christian Apologists, the immortal Tertullian. Although most of his writings have been preserved, and although we may form therefrom an accurate estimate of his general character, yet we know comparatively little of the particular events of his life. He calls himself Quintus Septimius Florens Tertullianus. According to all accounts he was born at Carthage about the year 160, and was the son of a Centurion of the proconsular troops stationed there. He was brought up in Paganism, and it appears that he passed his youth in the greatest disorders, for he himself afterwards avowed that all his days ought to be consecrated to penance. The irregularities of his early life, however, did not prevent him from study. He became well versed in the Latin and Greek literature, in Roman jurisprudence, and in the various systems of the Gentile philosophy. Like most of the learned Pagans of his time, he probably used to mock the Christian religion before he had become acquainted with it. The date of his conversion cannot be ascertained with certainty, but it is generally supposed to have taken place about the year 190. He married a Christian wife, but they did not live together very long. He separated from her when called to the priesthood, or perhaps some time before that. In after life he addressed to her two interesting works, in which he recommended to her what to do in case he died before her. When once Tertullian had embraced Christianity, he devoted himself to its study and practice with all the ardour of his impassioned soul. His learning and virtue soon brought him into notice, and he was ordained priest, probably at Rome. The date of his ordination, as well as those of other events of his life, is not accurately known. From this time until the period of his lamentable fall there was but one object before his thoughts, and that was to defend and advance the religion which he had embraced. Christianity rarely has had a more able or persuasive advocate. A vast and comprehensive genius, a penetrating mind, and a most brilliant imagination were the

qualities he brought with him to the work he undertook to accomplish. For acute reasoning or abstract questions he had little taste. His *forte* lay in inductive argument, in the most judicious selection of facts, and in placing them before the reader in the most eloquent and persuasive language. It is indeed said that he sometimes substituted rhetoric for logic, and that even his rhetoric contains many solecisms. The latter fault was almost a necessity of the age in which he lived, when the Latin language was so much on the decline. To the other charge it may be replied that although his reasoning may not be such as would bring conviction to acute minds, still it was eminently calculated to please and persuade mankind in general, and this is certainly the most desirable object which a writer who seeks the good of mankind can attain. Of his writings we shall have occasion to speak immediately, but here we may remark that there is scarcely any subject connected with religion which his comprehensive and daring intellect did not prompt him to treat. He wrote against all the enemies of the faith, Pagans, Jews, and heretics, all of whom he combated with signal success. He wrote too on many moral and æsthetic subjects, and if herein he sometimes failed in accuracy, every sentence of his bears the impress of a wonderfully vigorous and penetrating mind.

We have thus seen the qualities with which this great man was endowed, and which he for some years devoted to the service of the Church. Alas! that an intellect so great and a spirit so generous and courageous should have been enticed from her fold. The precise time at which Tertullian embraced the errors of the Montanists cannot be determined with certainty, but it is commonly said to have been about the year 205. It is indeed extremely probable that his falling away was gradual, so that even those of his own time could not assign the exact date at which he ceased to belong to the Church. It is probable, too, that many things combined to occasion his defection. The character that is usually given of him would certainly prejudice him for the errors into which he fell. It is asserted that he was austere even to sternness, inflexible, and passionate. Extreme too in his views, he was inclined to push every idea far beyond the limits which well regulated reason would assign. Being possessed of such a disposition, the doctrines of the Montanists would naturally be acceptable to Tertullian, for this sect boasted of an extreme austerity and of sacrificing earthly things to an extent of which even the fervent faithful of these times did not

think. His ardent imagination also would render him credulous to the account of the revelations with which Montanus and his disciples pretended to have been favoured. In addition to these things calculated to occasion his fall, it is said that Tertullian received affronts from some ecclesiastics at Rome, which his haughty spirit was not disposed to endure. Lastly, in connection with this matter, some say that he was enticed from the Church by a crafty and eloquent Montanist, named Proculus, with whom he had formed an acquaintance at Rome. Whether any or all of these things occasioned his fall, there is no doubt that Tertullian actually did fall away from the truth. He first became a mild, but soon a rigid Montanist. To such an extent did his infatuation at length carry him, that upon the pretended vision of a Montanist woman, he held that human souls are material and palpable, and have figures just like human bodies. With the rest of his sect, he condemned second marriages as illicit. He spoke of the Catholics in the most insulting tones. It is true that he still admitted that they were orthodox in belief; but at the same time he held they were carnal, gross, and ignorant, and utterly unable to recognize the operations of the Holy Spirit within them. On this account he termed them the psychics. The Montanists were in his mind the enlightened and perfect, to whom alone the gifts of the Holy Ghost were largely communicated, and in whom alone were fully realized the designs of Christ. After a while Tertullian separated himself from his sect, and formed another of his own, a remnant of which under his name existed up to the time of St. Augustine. Thus the great soul, loosed from the guide of truth, went on from error to error. History makes no mention of his return to the Church, and this silence is usually interpreted as a sign that he died in schism. But notwithstanding the silence of history there is still some room for hope. A soul once so generous may have received the grace of conversion, and made its peace with the Church unknown to the world at large. At all events, let us hope for the best. It is generally admitted that Tertullian lived to a very advanced age, and died about the year 245.

Tertullian, as we have already observed, was the author of very many works, but the only one with which we are concerned is the immortal *Apology*. It was written most probably in the year 199, and addressed to the Roman Senate and the governors of the provinces without the name of the author. Like most of the preceding *Apologies*, it was more a protest against the

injustice of persecuting the Christians than a dogmatic defence of their doctrines. Its general characteristics are boldness and grandeur of thought, persuasive force of the highest degree, and an incomparable energy and vivacity of style. In the opening paragraph of the Apology, the author in his own vigorous way sets forth the injustice of condemning the Christians without knowing their doctrines or giving to them an opportunity of self-justification. He then remarks how those rulers who hitherto up to that time had persecuted them, were the most wicked and unworthy of the Roman Emperors, namely, Nero and Domitian, while the good Emperors, such as Vespasian, Adrian, and Antoninus, were unwilling to sanction any laws against them. In reference to this matter, the Apologist quotes the letter of Marcus Aurelius in favour of the Christians after the miracle in Germany, and the decree of Trajan, in which that Emperor forbade them to be sought after. Tertullian subsequently refers to the various calumnies that used then to be urged against the Christians, namely, infanticide, sacrilege, and insubordination to the laws of the empire. The first of these charges he dissipates in a succession of brief, but vigorous and pithy sentences. "We are daily beset, we are daily besieged," says he, "in our assemblies, and who has ever discovered therein an expiring infant?" And again, "Why do not some of the Christians who know these things proclaim them, especially when they would thereby deserve a reward?" The charge of infanticide he then retorts on the Pagans themselves, showing that it was practised in several parts of the empire; and he does the same with regard to the charge of eating human flesh. In connection with the charge of impurity, he asserts the moral excellence of Christianity compared with Paganism, by recalling the history of the origin of the Pagan deities, the infamies attributed to them, and the indecency of the ceremonies used in their worship. Then in a flow of brilliant eloquence, he expatiates on the sublime prerogatives of the Christian religion. "That which we adore," says he, "is the one only God, Who by His word, His wisdom, and His power has drawn from nothing the world with everything of which it is composed. He reveals Himself to all men by His works, and by the voice of conscience, which, in spite of passions, prejudices, and the empire of vulgar superstitions, every time it is itself calls Him by the name of God, great God, good God," &c. Then the Apologist declares that in order that we may have a more perfect knowledge of

God and His Works, He has given to us the aid of Scripture; and he shows how the Prophecies of the Scripture have been fulfilled in the Christian religion. As to the charges of insubordination and of being public enemies, which were then so usually urged against his co-religionists, he replies to these also in the most happy manner, showing that it was inconsistent with public decency to participate in the festivals with which the Emperors were honoured, and proving that in reality the Christians were the most devoted subjects, since they never shared in any of the risings or conspiracies against the imperial authority. Towards the end of his Apology, Tertullian insists on the inexpediency of persecuting the Christians on account of their numbers and fidelity to the state, "We are of yesterday," he says, "and we fill every place, the cities, the islands, the fortresses, the corporate towns, the councils, the very camps, the tribes, the judgment seat, the palace, the senate, the forum: the temples alone we leave to you. For what war would we be not suited, would we be not ready, even with inadequate forces, we who are voluntarily put to death; if according to our rule, it were not right to be killed rather than to kill? We could even unarmed, without being rebellious, but only disaffected, by our mere separation, fight against you. If such a multitude of men retired from you to some remote part of the earth . . . more enemies than citizens would be left to you. Now you have fewer enemies in proportion to the multitude of Christians."¹

Minutius Felix is the last of the early Apologists whom we shall notice here. In the reign of Caracalla, he published in the form of a dialogue an excellent defence for the Christian religion against the calumnies by which it was assailed. He introduces, as speaking in this dialogue, two friends of his own,

¹ Besides his Apology, Tertullian wrote very many other works. They are indeed so numerous that we can scarcely even name them here. They may be classed into those against the Pagans, against the Jews, against heretics, and those which regard Christian morality. Against the Pagans he wrote *Ad Nationes Libri ii.*, *De Testimonio Anima*, and *Ad Scapulam*, which is a particular Apology addressed to a governor in Africa. Against the Jews there remains a treatise of his showing the abrogation of that religion. Against the heretics we have from him his celebrated book, *De Prescriptionibus*, *Adversus Hermogenem Liber*, *Adversus Valentinianum Liber*, *Adversus Marcionem Libri v.*, *De Carne Christi Liber*, *De Resurrectione Carnis Liber*, *Adversus Praxeam Liber*, *De Baptismo Liber* and *De Anima Liber*. Concerning the martyrs, Tertullian wrote *Scorpiace*, *Ad Martyres Liber*, and *De Fuga in Persecutione*. Lastly, in connection with Christian morality, he wrote the following—*De Penitentia*, *De Oratione*, *De Jejunio*, *De Patientia*, *Ad Uxorem Libri ii.*, *De Cultu Fœminarum*, *De Pallio*, *De Exhortatione Castitatis Liber*, *De Monogamia*, *De Pudicitia*.

Octavius, a Christian, and Cecilius, who was still attached to the errors of Paganism. Octavius, as well as Minutius himself, was a convert to Christianity, the former having first embraced it. They were probably Africans by birth, and advocates by profession. At the time to which the dialogue has reference, Minutius had fixed his residence at Rome, and Octavius, his friend, visited him there. There are some exceedingly beautiful sentences in the beginning of the dialogue, in which Minutius relates the circumstances of this visit and the joy that it occasioned to himself. It was the vintage time when Octavius went to Rome, and Minutius, taking advantage of a vacation from his professional duties, brought him and Cecilius, another friend, to spend a few days with himself at Ostia. As they were walking along the sea-shore, Cecilius having observed an idol of Serapis, kissed his hand to it in token of adoration. Upon this, Octavius said to Minutius that it was not worthy of him to suffer a friend so familiar to remain in this blindness. They then continued their journey, but as Cecilius appeared sad and contemplative, Minutius asked the cause of it. Cecilius replied that he felt hurt at the remark of Octavius, and expressed a wish for a conference with him on the subject of religion. They then sat down on the sea-shore and began the discussion.

Cecilius spoke first. He commenced by setting forth the uncertainty of human knowledge, and blaming the Christians, who, illiterate as they were, presumed to decide the most difficult questions. He declared that the only rule to follow in the matter of religion, was the traditions of their ancestors, and that it was deplorable to see the very scum of the people combined to attack what the world had hitherto respected. He then mentioned the charges usually made against the Christians, their repasts on human flesh, the objects of their adoration, and especially their nocturnal assemblies. "Whatever is honourable," says he, "loves to appear public: it is only crime that seeks secrecy. Why then do not the Christians speak openly and assemble publicly, if it be not that their worship is shameful?" He affirmed that the God of the Christians was worshipped only by themselves and the Jews, whom he suffered to be led away captive by the Romans. The final destruction of the world by fire and the general resurrection of the dead were according to him only the stories of old women. In reference to the necessity of a divine call to the Christian religion, he said that in this view their God would be unjust, since he would

punish men for what they could not do of themselves. He asked why did not their God protect the Christians in the present life where they are the most miserable of mankind? In concluding, he exhorted that they should give up seeking after divine secrets, recalling the saying of Socrates, that true wisdom consists in acknowledging our ignorance.

When Cecilius had finished, Octavius replied by taking up his objections against Christianity and answering each in particular. He refuted the various charges brought forward by his adversary with singular tact, and turned most of them against the Pagans themselves. Like Tertullian, he cited the common instinct of mankind in favour of the existence of one only God. "Wherever," says he, "we raise our hands to heaven, we call upon God, we say that God is great, that He is true, &c. Thus all men speak, and this confession is the voice of nature itself." In reference to the charges brought against the Christians, he said the Pagans would not be capable of believing the monstrous adorations imputed to them, if some sects of themselves did not really perform them. As to the incests also, he maintained that the Pagans should more naturally be suspected of them, since they hesitated not to worship divinities, whom they believed to have committed them. To prove the final destruction of the world by fire, he cited the authority of the Pagan philosophers, Pythagoras and Plato, and he similarly cited the Pagan poets in favour of the doctrine of eternal punishment in the life to come. From these few examples, we may judge of the general tenour of the reply which Octavius made to the charges brought against Christianity by his opponent. The result of the discussion was that the latter did not even await the judgment of Minutius to acknowledge himself overcome. He immediately embraced the Christian religion, and many say he was the same as the Cecilius who afterwards brought about the conversion of the great St. Cyprian.

With the dialogue of Minutius Felix we close our remarks on the Christian Apologists. The appeals made by these courageous and eloquent advocates of Christianity were not directly rewarded with the success which they deserved. As far as mitigation of the persecutions is concerned, they seem to have produced comparatively little result. But we are not the less thankful for them. They remain to enlighten us on many points of ecclesiastical history, which without them would have been consigned to darkness. It is probable, too, that they had

a great influence in disposing the entire Roman people finally to embrace the truth. Apologists of one kind or another have ever been wanted in the Church, but perhaps never more than at the present time. The Paganism of Rome was not more determinedly opposed to Christianity than the infidelity of Europe is to-day. The Church has survived the former. We believe, as firmly as if we had witnessed it, that she will survive the latter. Certainly, when we consider the kind of arguments which are now used against the Church and the religion of Jesus Christ, we find that the attack has not diminished either in malignity or in unreasonableness. The calumnies which are commonly believed among Protestants against the practical religion of Catholicism—calumnies which are repeated in Anglican pulpits of the present day, in newspapers otherwise respectable, and by writers who on other matters would find it against their conscience to state what they have no personal knowledge of in relation to a subject to which they are strangers, are not less childish than any that had circulation in the days of Adrian or Marcus Antoninus. The modern developments of "sweetness and light" have not affected the haters of Catholicism.

J. C.

Josephine's Troubles.

A STORY OF THE OCCUPATION OF VERSAILLES IN 1870.

CHAPTER X.

It must be confessed that after the incident described in the last chapter, matters went on more agreeably with us. The song of the young German was heard regularly; and as he did not care to close the windows, there was often a group outside listening, not certainly with sympathy. With the methodical energy of his countrymen, he set himself to a good hour's practice every day, though old Jacquet sneered and insisted that he was some music master from Berlin who was afraid of losing his pupils on his return. Josephine, however, maintained her inflexible reserve; always rose up and, with a curtsy, left the room to the musician. I have no doubt she was a little piqued at the business-like way in which the captain graciously gave her *congé*, as though she were a constraint on his exercises. But as everything was known in this small settlement, and all news travelled fast and was duly exaggerated—particularly by the garrulous and incautious old Jacquet, who reported everything to everybody, and without the least discrimination—some very curious rumours began to get abroad as to what was going on in the Lezack household.

At Jacquet's things had been going from bad to worse. Madam Jacquet was an impulsive, foolish lady, who did not know the value of moderation and restraint, and pushed everything to extremity. When they were oppressed by their German guests, she only thought of saying bitter and sarcastic speeches, which she repeated with pride to her friends; or she stirred up her unfortunate husband and son with reproaches, accusing them of having no spirit, and of allowing a woman to be treated in such a way. All which things only made their condition worse, for the Germans enjoyed what they called grinding them. They certainly caught the "psychological" treatment very hot and strong. Quartered on them were a rough army doctor of the most Philistine type and two or three heavy officers, who gorged themselves and became more and more exacting every day. Sometimes, indeed, which was remarked of them all—they gave way to bursts of ferocious rage, stamping and swearing and threatening, which it was at last believed was done with the psychological view, so as to scare the natives. Sometimes, too, these strange beings would become senti-

mental, and talk of their sweethearts at home, producing their pictures; then, on some fault in the dinner, they would revert to their old threats. Under which treatment the unhappy natives became, at last, quite scared and cowed.

It was an unfortunate reproach, however, that old Jacquet made to his lady, when, being driven to desperation by her reproaches, he declared that she had brought all these annoyances on them, and that she did not know how to soothe and manage like Josephine.

"There's a girl," he said, "that has a man's soul. She keeps them in good humour, compliments them—lets 'em play the piano. And see how she's treated: no annoyance, no bother, no worry."

"Oh, I daresay," said the lady, quite delighted. "No doubt. I am quite sure of that."

"Well, why don't you do the same, and make our lives more comfortable?"

"Because—because I am a *daughter of France*, sir. I do not fraternize with the enemy, and never shall. There, sir!"

Madam Jacquet found great comfort in this soothing news, which she retailed everywhere, with the exaggeration natural to her. Her dislike of Josephine was, indeed, most serious, and it was embittered by the fancied superiority which the latter appeared to assume. The story therefore, that Josephine Lezack was traitorously setting her cap at the enemy, and was ready to sell her country, soon got abroad—with the addition that she was, by favour of the enemy, obtaining privileges and consideration. The spiteful nature of the rural French was soon quickened; and Josephine, though popular, in a day became an object of dislike and venomous hatred, in which the neighbours found compensation for their own oppression. That unfortunate music, which proceeded so incessantly, furnished grist for the mill of scandal: and many a housewife stood to listen, and then shook her head ominously as she augured the worst of Josephine—whom she had always suspected.

So too at the Lamberts', where young Jacquet, now grown uncertain, moody, and irresolute—feeling too that he had not behaved very handsomely to his sweetheart—was worried by the events going on about him and the mortifications he was being constantly subject to. The young ladies of the Lambert family, whose laugh was shrill and whose tongues were sharp, had latterly in their good spirits taken to exercising their wits upon him, pleasantly rallying him on his treatment by the wine merchant's daughter. This unstable youth, like many unstable youths, who have no sooner resigned an object than they wished to have it back, and no sooner were in possession than they repented, was in fact at this moment beginning to feel the fires of jealousy. The idea of the German captain who had treated *him* with such insolence before *her*, had burned into his soul, and he with old Jacquet often laid out plans—over the invariable bottle—for bringing this fellow to prompt account so soon as the war should be concluded.

"I shall go with you, my boy, to Belgium, and shall see you wipe out the stain. You shall take lessons from the sergeant-major, a first-rate hand. He will show you how to stick this vile Pr-r-russian!"

"He has no soul—no honour," said the son, gloomily. "He knows that my hands are tied behind my back."

At this point the discussion might be interrupted, as it often was, by a hammering on the floor—the bells had long since been broken—and by a loud roaring of some one aloft. Both bit their lips and made faces. "It is too much," they murmured. "Unendurable! Never mind—a day will come——"

A rough fellow in spectacles, with a large cocoa-nut beard, appeared at the door. "Well, Beer-barrel," he said, "this is pretty attendance."

The stout Jacquet started up, tried to look haughty, and—failed. Jacquet junior flashed his eyes with equal want of effect.

"Do you insult us?" said the elder Jacquet; "call me by a nickname?"

"It is an infamy," said the younger.

"Bosh!" said the other. "We are not on the stage. The point is—if we are not better served, you shall have a post quartered on you to-morrow, at twelve. D'ye hear? And look here, if your wife don't behave herself, she'll be in gaol in a twinkling. Mind, this is the last warning you'll get. We settled that at breakfast this morning."

Perfectly stupefied—even addled—at this strain of address, old Jacquet could only roll his eyes in an alarmingly idiotic manner. The young fellow, losing all restraint, started to his feet, and said fiercely, "Coward! we made you show your backs at Jena, and at——"

"What! insult the army, and the King coming!"

"Ah! you are afraid!"

"Charles, my boy, I implore of you—— Sir, he doesn't know what he is saying."

"What do I care? He shall go to a cell at once. Constructive assault on one of the King's officers. Here, Fritz, go for the post."

Now it happened that just at that moment there passed upstairs a most deliciously roasted fowl and a bottle of wine—for the cook saw the necessity of conciliating the invaders, and was not as foolish as the family—and the scent was wafted into the room, pricking the Teutonic nostrils not disagreeably.

"Dear, most honoured sir," pressed old Jacquet, "you must excuse him. We are all so goaded in these days that we must sometimes lose our temper. Do be indulgent. Do, sir, for his old father's sake. He is young."

The officer was persuaded, not by Jacquet's entreaties, but by the savour. There were two hungry fellows upstairs, and every moment was precious.

"Well, well, we'll see," he said, gruffly and leaving the room. "Only let him take care again. It's a shooting business."

The next event of importance was the coming of the King—"the

old William," as the French called him with disgust, or "Pious William"—who was daily expected with an enormous retinue of German Grandukes and Princes, with the great military and political spirits—Von Roon, Von Moltke, and the greater Von BISMARCK. This was no doubt an exciting prospect enough; but there were grave misgivings, indeed amounting to certainty, that these tremendous visitors would bring with them a tide of fresh exactions and extortions, and that the unhappy town, already like a well sucked orange, would be further squeezed and wrung, to extract the last drops of juice.

By October the 5th it was known by the usual shouting and singing of the soldiers, and the clattering of fresh troops of horsemen, that "the old William" and his attendants were arrived. The Prefecture, which was close to the Palace, was given up to his Majesty and his retinue, the Crown Prince shifting his quarters to M. André's—a banker, I think—pretty villa, close to one of the gates. The expected swarm of Generals, Ministers, and Princes poured in after him. The King's suite was anything but slender, consisting of no less than 126 persons, 135 horses, and 28 carriages. All the Great Officers of State attended him: the Grand Marshal, Count Pückler, Count Perponcher, Grand Master of Ceremonies, and the invariable "Professor," or Reader, Dr. Schneider. All this enormous crowd of functionaries were quartered close to the Prefecture: and at once the grinding weight of requisition was increased. The Princes and Princelings were not sorry to alleviate the burdens of their narrow resources by fattening on the unfortunate people, on whom their "requisitions" were laid for the most trifling articles they stood in need of. Indeed, the enormous tribe of these royal idlers and dangles, whose presence was required to minister to the state of the royal invaders, was one of the most aggravating and irritating incidents of the whole occupation. They were a pampered and overweening crowd, neither fought nor bled, and did little more than eat and drink enormously and amuse themselves. The one among them who excited most interest, and who was pointed out to the curious, was the young Prince whose pretensions to the Spanish crown had indirectly been the cause of this disastrous war. He was a grave, sober-looking young man, not likely to attract attention on other grounds: and "the old William" seemed to be always careful to have him in attendance.

The head-quarters of all these personages, as well as of the great political and military officers, was a hotel in the leading Street, close to the Prefecture, and known as the Reservoirs, or Basins Hotel. The door and hall of this establishment overflowed all day and night long with the streams of Germans entering and leaving, while the large dining-room was always in occupation of a vast crowd, dining and breakfasting and feasting as Germans alone can. The invariable drink was champagne, which "popped" and flowed without intermission. With an almost barbarian gusto, they seemed to enjoy this favoured drink, as though this was their only opportunity of really partaking of it

at an advantage: though the truth was it was sold at an enormous war price, far higher than at what they could have had it in their own country. However, for this luxury they paid out of their own resources, as well for all extra delicacies, for it was felt that it belonged to their dignity and fortune, as well as their attendance on the King, to show that in such points, at least, they could afford to provide for themselves. No Frenchman could dare enter this feasting-place, which at dinner-time was crowded to the doors—the walls hung with the cloaks and helmets, while the hall re-echoed with the most boisterous laughter and noisy conversation. No wonder that the proprietor, though badgered at first, began to see that his account was in making these profitable guests as comfortable as possible, or that his compatriots began to glance at him askance, as one who was well affected to the enemies of the country. No doubt his position was awkward. The invaders kindly gave him every facility for replenishing his stores with the best, and with everything that could minister to their comfort—and on the morning of their departure he must have looked ruefully after the departing figures of such satisfactory customers.

The Reservoirs Hotel and all near it was always the busiest and most exciting scene in the town. There was always a clatter of arriving horsemen, and a crowd of loungers. At the Prefecture floated the grim and gloomy German flag, which indeed waved its folds everywhere, save at the Town Hall, where, and where alone by an act of graciousness, the gay and stimulating French tricolour was tolerated. The poor natives naturally found some comfort in this; their eyes often rested fondly on this cherished emblem, and here they felt was a symbol of some faint protection.

Within a few days the coarse, Calmuk face of Count Bismarck had been recognized riding or driving, as well as that of Moltke, both being very familiar from the photographs. The first had chosen for his residence the Hotel Jessé, in the Provence Street. It was a retired and unfrequented street, and the house itself stood in a garden. But the most extraordinary precautions were taken. In the houses on each side his staff of clerks, agents, and assistants were quartered. Owners of houses that looked into the garden received orders to barricade them, and were favoured with the company of a police officer. This place presently was to be the centre of European diplomacy; and a common calico flag, stuck on to a rudely-cut trunk of a tree, was hung out at the gate with an inscription that here was the "Chancellerie" of the Empire.

At a house in New Street the great Von Moltke took up his quarters, duly labelled "Head-quarters." Hither night and day the officers came and departed. Here were the tables and desks, with the great maps spread out, while every thoughtful Frenchman that passed of nights must have felt a singular aggravation in the idea that here was being devised the most skilful plans to ensnare his unfortunate countrymen, the directions for which the telegraph would in a few moments be

sending to their destination. And yet this cold, monastic-looking man was seen daily taking his walk, his hands joined behind him, like another great Captain, musing, no doubt, how he should join that army to another. This want of precaution and indifference to the hostile population, was rather galling to a feverish people, showing as it did so contemptuous a disdain.

CHAPTER XI.

Now that "the old William" was arrived, the word was passed round that there were to be great rejoicings among the soldiers. These soldiers, by the way, were hypocritical dogs enough, and with all their roughness contrived to work on the feelings of their hosts, when there was an advantage in view. They contrived to persuade the women, particularly, that they were longing to be at home again with their wives and dear children or sweethearts, and they would curse this execrable war and those who brought it about. There was some truth in this: for they had all believed that the capture of Paris was but an affair of a few days, and that they were to go straight home as victors. Now the winter and the cold was drawing on, and the prospects were fading away altogether. Our poor, foolish folk were delighted to hear them abuse Bismarck and "the old William"—with whom was invariably coupled Napoleon—and an extraordinary slang phrase of contempt was invariably used with these names, *i.e.*, *Capout!* Thus it ran, "*Bismarck Capout!*" or "*Napoleon Capout!*" which appeared to signify no more than the usual barrack curses. But, indeed, the jargon that soon came into use, the "pigeon-French" and "pigeon-German," that was promptly invented and served the most useful purposes, was really of the oddest and drollest kind.

It was determined that the Great Waters should be made to play, to celebrate the King's coming and amuse his Majesty. Accordingly, word was sent to the director, who was "required" to be in attendance to explain everything to his Majesty. Officers, soldiers, all poured hurriedly into the beautiful Versailles, where the "Grand Monarch," walking stick, wig, and all, looked on in vain.

It was determined to make this a sort of festival, and with that curious ignorance of, or contempt for, the character of the subject natives, notice of the intended festival was sent to the municipals and others with a request that they would let the population know. This insult was of course deeply resented, and the invitation was flung back. No Frenchman breathing would be so dastardly as to exhibit this ignoble curiosity, yet unfortunately it was found necessary to issue a warning, written out and pinned against trees and posts, to the effect that any Frenchman that dared to go to look at the Prussians was an unworthy coward to be shunned by all good citizens. The Great Waters were certainly an attraction, and an attraction that never seems to pall by repetition; and there were, reasonably enough, fears, that after

all there might be creatures sufficiently 'dastardly'—that is, fond of amusement—as not to heed these appeals.

The Germans, however, were rampant with arrogance. They seemed to think that the coming of the King and Princes was an event that the subject population should be forced to enjoy, or to exhibit at least the mortification of having to endure their presence. They would have gladly forced the whole population into the Park, and made them look on—such a race had no right to have feelings or delicacies.

Accordingly, in the afternoon all the soldiers, in boisterous spirits, and highly aggressive in their humour, were seen making for the Park, their loud, rough laughs, and even songs, being heard along the highway. And though they might talk of "*William Capout!*" to their hosts, they were now glad to flourish him as a power before them. Round the Prefecture archway was a great commotion: officers riding in and out, soldiers clustering; and indeed, from this hour there was a perpetual series of visits, complimentary and otherwise, at this centre of all honour. Towards three o'clock an open carriage, surrounded by a light band of Uhlans, emerged, in which was seated the old monarch, his cloak wrapped about him, and his grey moustaches protruding like those of some old terrier dog. He took his way to the beautiful grounds now crowded with military, and where the vast herd of obsequious Princes were in attendance to follow him round. After all, a number of the crowd came to stare, insensible to all the delicacies, or perhaps really not professing to follow the rather far-fetched notion of mortifying the enemy by their abstention. They perhaps fancied that as the enemy had mortified them so effectually, they were not called on to deny themselves the little recreation thus afforded. It was thought, however, a "base thing" that the director of the waterworks should have been "required" to attend the King round and explain everything that was interesting. He had the good sense to see that the function was purely mechanical, and that he was yielding to "major force;" so he consented, and performed the duty with as good a grace as he could. Accordingly, the wonderful stone gods blew the streams of water through their shells, and the cascades came tumbling down the steps and terraces; and the King, and all his Dukes and Princes, sauntered on from show to show, past the statues and through the beautiful bosquets and gardens, where, as was said, that old Turveydrop of a King, Louis the Great, had sauntered before him. It was against him and his "Grand Monarch" traditions, his Versailles, waterworks, and the rest, that a Professor of the culture-struggle declared that they were really making war, and no doubt many of the theatrical traditions bequeathed by him to France, as to splendid deportment and strutting about all Europe with the air of a ballet-master, had entailed the present calamities on the country.

However, as we said, a good sprinkling of the Versailles—"lost to all shame and decency"—were listlessly wandering about the grounds,

staring with wonder at "the old William" and his retinue. These disgraces to the country were too numerous to be proscribed or denounced. The soldiers, who were eating their strong sausages and gazing at the spouting waters with a loutish wonder—though they soon tired of the spectacle—looked at these French *Capouts* with a surly contempt.

Now it came to pass that, on this very evening, our Josephine had been up in the market-place, and was not a little distressed by stray speeches and innuendos which some excited women had thrown out at her—the result of Madam Jacquet's friendly reports. These Josephine received with a dignity and indifference which only excited them more; for her "troubles" were beginning to gather about her and accumulate on her gentle head. As she returned home, she thought she would find old Jacquet—whom she had lately began to think not quite so good-natured—installed with her father, querulous and "put out," and having to be soothed and inspired with hope of better times, as well as to have his distrust of Captain Müller removed. This perpetual keeping the peace between everybody, she was beginning to find a terrible burden.

It was a long time since she had walked in her favourite gardens, and she thought she would stroll in and see her old favourite flowers. She knew nothing of the visit of the German King, or of the festival for the soldiers, and as the portion she sought was retired, she only met a few of them. She soon, however, discovered what was going on, and was not a little perturbed by the loud voices and boisterous laughter which struck on her ears from all sides, and she turned hastily to retire. As the laughter and the merriment increased, she turned into a side walk, which she knew, to avoid the crowd; but somehow she mistook the road and found herself at one of the great basins—the last of the series—where the Tritons and water-gods were hard at work, and the cascades were tumbling from the temples with the sound of great splashing and tumbling. An enormous crowd of soldiers and officers were gathered, and at the head of the fountains stood a small group, and in the centre of that small group the white-moustached old man, with his terrier chin projecting. She knew him to be the King. At this point, with perhaps the exception of a few countrymen, she was the only French person present. She was so bewildered by the whole scene, the numbers of coarse, rough faces turned upon her of a sudden, that she stood there irresolute for some moments, not knowing what to do; then, suddenly recollecting herself, she set off running and fluttering away out of sight down one of the alleys.

Poor Josephine!—when with a beating heart she was congratulating herself on her escape, and had ceased to hear the din of voices and the roar of the waters, and as she was turning the corner at the bottom of the alley into another, which led directly to one of the smaller gates, she suddenly almost plunged into a group of three young men, who with the usual boisterous laughter were hurrying on to see the water-

works. With a shout of delight, they suddenly joined hands and spread themselves out to stop her passage.

"Not an inch further! Where are you going to in such a hurry?"

"Oh, let me pass, if you please," cried Josephine, in the most imploring tone, and ready to sink on the ground with terror. "I must go. I wish to get home."

"We can't spare you; at least yet."

"For shame of yourselves, gentlemen," said one of them, "treating a respectable young lady in this way. I am quite shocked at you! My dear miss, don't mind them. I am a most correct person, well brought up and well mannered. Come with me. I'll see you home." And he advanced in a very familiar way with his arms out, while the others stood by and laughed more boisterously.

Josephine at this moment, helpless as she was, felt all her native resentment against these rude oppressors of her country rising in her heart, and this very sense of her want of protection gave her resolution. She drew back with dignity. "Let me pass," she said. "I require you to let me. You are gentlemen, I suppose."

This made them laugh afresh. "Very good! Capital!" they said.

"You know," she went on calmly, "if there was a man here you dare not do this. But that is part of your system."

"It is," said one, gravely; "especially in the case of such nice girls as you."

"It *is* part of your system," she went on with a trembling voice. "You are no match for any one on equal terms; you come five to one and ten to one—and you attack women—that's your safe German system."

Well done, Josephine! Our Germans did not relish this tone—perhaps they felt that there was some truth in it. At all events, one answered gruffly—

"No insolence here, girl. We are too civil to you by half."

"No one ever accused a German of that," said Josephine, in the same tone. "Now let me pass," she said, advancing. She saw some figures passing up the top of the walk. It was like a sail to a shipwrecked mariner.

"No; you insolent baggage," said he in a rage, seizing her by the arm. "I'll teach you——"

Instantly Josephine gave a piercing cry that must have reached almost to the Great Waters themselves. The figures at the top turned round: and in a moment one of them hurried rapidly towards them.

Beside herself with joy, Josephine broke from her rude obstructors, and almost threw herself into the new-comer's arms.

"O Captain Müller!" she cried.

CHAPTER XII.

THESE rude gentlemen were young subalterns. They felt somewhat abashed at this interference. In a stern voice he spoke some threatening words in German, and seemed to order them away: on which, without excuse, and indeed without a word, they saluted and walked off.

"Oh," said Josephine, in a tumult of delight and actually leaning on the arm of her deliverer, "O Captain Müller! How good, how kind of you! You have saved me from those insolent men."

"Don't think of it," he said, soothingly, "and above all, don't agitate yourself. They are young and rough. It's not worth a thought. I shall have these fellows punished. They disgrace us everywhere."

"O no, I beg not," said Josephine, eagerly, "let it be all forgotten. You would really oblige me."

"Well, if you insist, of course it must be done. But how incautious of the steady and grave Miss Josephine to come out here on such an occasion! I thought you were too patriotic."

"It was an accident, I assure you," said Josephine, eagerly. "I knew nothing of what was going on."

After a pause, he said, with a curious look at her: "How oddly things come about. I mean how odd that I, a detested and I suppose, detestable German should be so lucky as to come to the aid of a charming young French lady! Now you are going to be angry."

Josephine had given him a look, but, strange to say, not the old haughty reproving look, with which she first checked such liberties, but one of reproach, or beseeching entreaty.

"No, no," he said, gravely, "you are not a person to whom the usual formal compliments are to be paid. At times one forgets—one has to keep these things ready by you as you do small change in your purse." This was spoken with a cold mathematical precision that must have chilled the heart of any girl to whom it might be addressed. This was one of your wary judicious heroes.

He went on, as they walked down the alley to the railway: "Now it will not do that the German and the French girl should be seen together. These women, I fear, would tear you in pieces. And I think it would not exactly do that I should be seen walking with one of your race."

Much piqued at this business-like tone, Josephine answered quickly, "Neither do I wish it. And to tell you the truth, surely nothing that I have said——"

"Certainly," he answered, "but it is merely precaution. There is a little gate there to the left, but you know the way." He touched his cap, bowed, and turned away.

Josephine bit her lip, and walked hastily to the gate. She had been full of gratitude and thanks for his kind interference; and she was

chilled, to be repelled in this fashion, as if she had been some forward person. These Germans were the cold heartless beings they had been described. And—Josephine sighed.

She had just reached the street. She had forgotten all else, the Great Waters, the King, when she was recalled to herself by a sneering face placed close to hers, and the voice of Madame Jacquet was heard:

"What! Been to see the 'old William' at the Great Waters—walking with a German! for shame! I knew what you were, when you wished to force yourself into our family: but I did not believe that you would betray your country."

Josephine felt terribly guilty—she knew not what to reply to this excited woman, whom the annoyances of the enemy had indeed almost driven wild with exasperation. She only replied:

"These are not times for such enmities as you entertain. What injury have I done you?"

The other looked at her somewhat mystified. Unreasonably enough she seemed to associate all her troubles and reverses with Josephine. The latter felt pity for her—but in these days there was little time for sentiment. But there were others who had seen this unfortunate meeting in the Versailles Park, and who were eager to spread the gossip abroad; and though Madam Jacquet did not go open-mouthed to spread the news everywhere, still when the matter was mentioned she was able to corroborate. It wanted little, therefore, to turn the brave and loyal Josephine into a traitress, "spy," what not: and that was a day of deep mortification for the house when one of the Mayor's "Adjuncts" presented himself at Mr. Lezack's to give a friendly unofficial warning. Miss Lezack he said must not let her pro-German sympathies carry her too far. Of course she was a woman and "all that:" but still no one could control an exasperated populace. As a friend of the family he came to give this counsel; seriously, she was much compromised as it was, and it might turn out worse. The old man was terribly mortified at this incident, and in a trembling voice tried to vindicate his child. He had long since ceased to be affected on the score of his wine. His daily round of annoyance and petty mortifications were really entering into his soul. His face had grown worn and pinched, and his voice feeble and quivering. Every French official delights in this lecturing or ventilating his authority, and our "Adjunct" did not spare the unhappy old wine merchant.

"You forget yourself, Mr. Adjunct," he said, "you take a liberty with me, but in the state to which I am reduced any one can do that. My daughter is not of the sort you suppose. She is as patriotic as those who make more noise. She commands the respect of the enemy from her virtues and the dignity with which she behaves, but she is not to be insulted."

Thus excited, he rose and bowed out his visitor, with much haughtiness and dignity.

When he was gone and Josephine had returned, she heard of the

disgrace that had fallen on the house. Her father was trembling and quivering, and faltering that "all was at an end for him and poor France; that any one could now come into his house and insult him, or do what they pleased. The Germans might first pillage and trample him under their feet—then his own countrymen came to bully him. Any one might treat him in any way they please." Josephine, good daughter, tried to soothe him, but without much success, and for the rest of the day he sat over the fire murmuring his grievances, as though he had received a sudden shock.

The result of all this hostility was to make our heroine scornful and even defiant of public opinion. She wished that she had some way of showing her country people what a contempt she had for this unreasonable childish malice and suspicions. Yet her heart was heavy and very sore. She felt there was a load upon it as though fresh troubles were to come upon her, and she felt very helpless indeed. One thing, however, she thought of with pleasure—of that brave and loyal officer who had behaved so considerately to her, and to whom she had—they had—all along done such injustice. Why, she would walk down the street with him before them all, just to show them how she despised their contemptible gossip. Yet how thoughtful, how considerate he was, how calm and composed, and so——. Here our Josephine sighed, and began to think that she would take her sorrows with her up to the chapel at the Convent, where there was Benediction that night, and where as a girl she had been educated, and where she was as well known as though she had been one of the sisters, and to which indeed she had looked wistfully as to a pleasant peaceful home. The chapel was lighted up and full of people—the nuns, in their white caps and veils, and their pupils, and the people, praying with a fervour which since the war began had been enkindled. How many had sons and husbands and brothers away in the south, of whom the next newspapers might bring disastrous news of their being mowed down by the terrible shells of the Germans! Here, with the music rising and swelling and the incense floating at the altar, Josephine prayed, and prayed tearfully, for her father, for herself, and for poor France, and perhaps—though not in very formal shape—for the fair officer on whom she looked as her protector, not in formal though in exceptional shape. For she prayed that the God of Battles would roll back the tide of cruel invaders, exterminate their hosts, and give victory to France. Still, she would have *him* spared, at least.

When it was over she rose up much comforted, and then repaired homewards. As she approached she saw their maid standing and looking out eagerly, then suddenly rush in. It was dark and the lamps were lit.

"Oh, miss," began the girl, in a hysterical way, with a sort of terror in her face, "where were you? Oh, such a terrible——"

All at once Josephine felt herself drawn gently aside, and a kindly voice, which was Captain Müller's, said to her—"This way, Miss

Josephine. There is a good priest here who has something to say to you. You must have courage."

Bewildered, and with an ineffable sinking at her heart, as though some overwhelming evil was at hand, she found herself in the parlour, where the priest—the old friend of the family—advanced to her sorrowfully.

"My poor child," he said, "it is a great sorrow I have to tell you. Your poor poor father!—but I was in time."

The Child's Question.

"MUST we then *die* to go to heaven?"

With peach-red cheeks and bluest eyes
And sunbright hair, silk-fine,
The little child that God had given
Stood folded-handed, simple, wise,
This riddle to divine,
Of death the way to heaven.

My little child, the gates of heaven
Were shut to thee, to me, by sin,
Thrice locked, when Adam fell.
But with those locks, three keys were given,
By which both thou and I may win
The glory none can tell,
Through death, reconquering heaven.

Pain is the first, unlocking heaven :
The mother weeps for sin of Eve,
Yet weeping, sings with joy
For each fair child that God hath given ;
Though still each lost one she must grieve,
And each in sin's decoy,
Which shuts him out of heaven.

Toil is the next key forcing heaven :
Fair earth was cursed with weed and thorn
And man must expiate with toil,
With toil all men and beasts be driven,
To toil must bend till eve, at morn,
To win wheat, wine, and oil,
And through toil's yoke gain rest in heaven.

The third key opens straight on heaven ;
For death itself the gate unbars,
And shows the streets of gold,
The Tree of Life for ever given
To heal, the wounds of sin's deep scars ;
Life's woes a tale then told,
Death-pangs our birth in heaven.

Yes, we must "die to go to heaven :"
My little child with sunbright hair,
And blue eyes opened wide !
Oh, with our death the grace be given
To thee, to me, to climb that stair,
When Christ shall call His Bride,
To reign with Him in heaven !

E. B.

March, 1876.

Lord Palmerston at Broadlands.

AT a time when the two last volumes of Lord Palmerston's Life are creating so much interest among us, we cannot help hoping that the following sketch of the once popular Premier, from the pen of a well known authoress in France, who had many opportunities of knowing him, may be acceptable to our readers. It is taken from an article in a late number of the *Correspondant*.

I shall not attempt to go through the list of the persons who made up the circle at Broadlands when we were there. Besides, it would not be equally interesting to speak of them all. But perhaps there may be some interest in reproducing here the pages which had for their object to stamp on my own memory the features of the important and celebrated man who was its principal figure. I cannot, indeed, pretend to add anything to a portrait which has been so often drawn with enthusiasm or with anger, and which has been exhibited, even to satiety, to the eyes of the public; but is it not true that the figures which inspire the greatest interest in a picture gallery are those of persons who are the best known, either by sight or reputation? It is for this reason that, instead of confining myself to writing from memory, and drawing, at a distance, a portrait which might possibly be touched by impressions received at a later period, I copy, word for word, some pages which I wrote at the time of our stay at Broadlands in 1856. They may be less correct than those that I might write at the present time, but they are more exact, and they have the advantage possessed by the slightest sketch done from nature over the most beautiful drawing made from memory—which often means from *fancy*.

... "Lord Palmerston has treated us with the utmost kindness and cordiality. During this visit I have conversed with him frequently, and I have always found him the same; that is to say, as different as possible from what he is reported to be. I am almost tempted to say that he falls short of his reputation, but it is, in reality, *different* rather than *less*, that he strikes me as being.

"He is not a great party leader, as his friends represent him, and as his position might lead one to think; neither is he the malignant genius which the greater portion of Europe persists in supposing him.

"He is, indeed, a genius in no sense, for he possesses no sort of greatness. The nearest approach to it in his character is that imperturbable good temper which is never clouded by a shadow. No matter whether he is in office or in the Opposition, conquering or beaten, violently attacked or lauded to excess, he is always the same, always capable of doing justice to his opponents, never embittered against them, never even irritated. I was at Broadlands in 1852, just as Lord John Russell's Ministry was resigning office, and when his friend and colleague had behaved to him in a way calculated to provoke him to an anger which would have been easy to imagine; and I never saw the slightest trace of it in him—there was not a word of bitterness, of recrimination, or of affected moderation. The only difference—if there were any—was that his mind, thus set free from the weight of business, seemed freer, brighter, and that he gave more time to conversation. It was the only time that I saw him stay in the drawing-room after tea, talking for a long time; and he never struck me as more amiable and good-humoured than just at that very time when he had good reason not to be so.

"In this last visit of ours to Broadlands, when his position is so different, being, as he now is, at the summit of dignity, we find that he has resumed his habits of work, his regular hours, his short conversations. The only part of the day given to society is the dinner hour, and half an hour which he spends in the drawing-room after joining the ladies with the rest of the guests. Tea is brought in at ten precisely: he takes a cup, and as soon as he has put it down on the table, he rises and retires to work without intermission till the middle of the night; a labour which he resumes next morning, and which is uninterrupted till dinner time, with the exception of a walk or a ride of three-quarters of an hour or an hour, which he allows or imposes on himself, late in the day, for his health's sake.

... "Indifferent to what people think of him, persevering, active, indefatigable, sincerely liberal, and desiring liberty for all; a partisan of reform, yet attached to all the old customs of his country, and as little of a rash innovator as an obstinate follower of routine, his mind is open and ready to understand the real wants and desires of the English nation. A master of his language, knowing how to be lucid, eloquent, genial, enthusiastic, according to his audience, there is no speaker who can make himself better understood by every one, nor whose language seems better to express the sentiments of each individual in the crowd he is addressing. These, I believe, are about all the qualities and gifts which gain for him the great popularity he enjoys in England; but several of these qualities are of no use to him when he has to do with other countries: some of them even change their character, and become dangerous in intercourse with foreigners—his indifference to opinion looks like contempt, his taste for liberty makes him pass for a favourer of revolution. Neither does he write as he speaks, and, strange to say, he lets fall fewer intemperate expressions in the heat of a speech than

he writes deliberately in a despatch. In a word, whilst in England he is nearly always master of his audience, because he knows them better than any one, his ignorance of foreigners is extreme, and the mind, so liberal towards his countrymen, is seen to be imbued with the strongest and strangest prejudices with regard to others. This alone is sufficient to explain some of his mistakes, as well as the dislike he inspires abroad. And yet this dislike is unjust; for, in spite of his blunders, nothing is more untrue than the opinion which ascribes to him the systematic design of revolutionizing Europe with the object of advancing an English interest which is entirely imaginary. He has a sincere love of justice, and an equally sincere hatred of oppression; he believes that it is for the interest of all nations that each one of them should be governed in the best possible way, and that this is especially the interest of England. He is right in thinking that the political experiments made in his own country have been successful, and he is wrong in not seeing that elsewhere their dangers might often exceed their advantages, and that English institutions are easy to caricature, but almost impossible to imitate. In short, he often makes mistakes; but, on the other hand, people make a good many mistakes about him.

"Conversation with him is not difficult. He talks with tiresome people just as he does with those who are not tiresome, without seeming to perceive the difference. His manners are not exactly what one would call those of a *grand seigneur*, but he is simple and cordial, and there is nothing about him which shows the slightest surprise or intoxication at his high position. His memory, activity, and energy are the same at seventy-two that they were at twenty-five: it is rare to find all these qualities and faculties so vigorous at that age; and it may well be said that labours and anxiety sit lightly on him.

"One of the subjects which most amuses him, and to which he most often reverts is the study of languages. He knows a great many, and in a degree of perfection uncommon in an Englishman, which he has no objection to display. We have had interminable conversations on this subject: but what amuses me more, is when he relates some incidents of his public life, or some anecdote about the eminent men who have sat in the House with him during the long lapse of years since the day when he first took his place there. It is a subject full of inexhaustible interest: this English political life has no resemblance to anything we meet with elsewhere, and there is no sovereignty equal to the power which those who take part in it are conscious of possessing: this influence, exercised by a few classes, and submitted to by the rest with independence and intelligence, the former knowing how to lead, and the latter how to follow, all without bitterness of feeling, the less favoured knowing beforehand that if a great sacrifice is needed in the interest of *all*, it is precisely the class to which they do not belong which will voluntarily bear the heaviest share of the burden; all this is interesting to listen to and to understand. It is easy to conceive how, once accustomed to this sort of life, it is im-

possible to give it up, and to take part in it is the object of the most legitimate ambition of every Englishman. From a human point of view, it is one of the noblest occupations that the life of a man can have, and I see nothing superior to it but the absolute devotion of existence to those works which have faith and charity for their immediate object.

"Lord Palmerston has been speaking of France and of the Emperor; and he repeated what I heard him say once before, that, in his opinion, the *Coup d'Etat* was excusable because a civil war was imminent and inevitable; but that although liberty was, at this time, actually stifled in France, he thought it very fortunate that institutions had been preserved which leave the form of liberty remaining, because, he said, that form may regain vitality without causing fresh shocks when the day comes for the public mind to become once favourable to a greater development of liberty.

"Many persons in France would dispute this, and many more would be found to agree with M. Thiers, who said in my presence, not long ago, at Holland House, in reply to an admirer of the constitution which now governs France, 'that it appeared good because it did not act, and that it was like a carriage which looked well standing in the coach-house, but which would fall to pieces if an attempt was made to set it in motion.'

"I recollect another conversation with Lord Palmerston, which I will add to the preceding one; it took place in the evening of New Year's Day, 1857, in the Duchess of J's drawing-room. I was near Lord Palmerston when the conversation turned upon the prisons of Naples, and in general upon the abuses of the Neapolitan Government. It was a subject on which he was always animated, and I took the liberty of saying to him, that whilst admitting the truth of some of these charges, it was quite certain that monstrous exaggerations were circulated about the matter in England, and I added that I was surprised at the readiness with which he believed all the stories of this sort. He was silent an instant, and then said: 'Yes, it is true that I find no difficulty in believing these men are too bad to be exempted from publicity, and I believe that every enormity is possible in a country which does not possess any. In that respect, I certainly do not think my own country better than any other. Look here—have you read *Never too late to mend*?'

"I had read the novel which bears that title, the most distressing scenes in which—and they are said to be true—took place in an English prison, the governor of which subjected the prisoners to the most cruel torments. 'Well, then,' Lord Palmerston went on, 'you know that the foundation of that story is perfectly accurate. Here, then, in England, under the full reign of liberty and publicity, where everybody can write, where all are not only allowed, but *required*, to acquaint the Government with the abuses they may witness, and where we are in office for the mere purpose of reading such letters and of taking their

contents into consideration,¹ even here it was possible for a wretch to escape the eye of authority for two years, and to exercise around him a tyranny as illegal as it was atrocious, till a brave and honest man took up his pen to expose the facts, and to demand an inquiry. And you would have me believe that where uncontrolled authority is administered by officials out of the reach of publicity, deeds like that are not repeated every day? I assure you that would require a better opinion of mankind than experience has given me.'

... "Lord Palmerston had laboured more than any one in demanding for Catholics their political rights; but not the less was he deeply imbued with prejudices against their faith, and the new tendency which was manifesting itself in Anglicanism would have alarmed him if he had paid attention to it; but, far different in this respect from his successor in office, he was as indifferent to exclusively religious subjects as Mr. Gladstone has always shown himself eagerly interested in them. They were therefore seldom or never spoken of at Broadlands, and this silence often made one feel a great want in conversations otherwise so interesting.

"I only remember one solitary exception in this matter, and I think I may venture to recall it here, for it concerns a man whose name has been made known to many, even French readers, by means of his recently-published Memoirs. I have the less scruple on this score, because, in the course of those pages, devoted alternately to political interests and to those of the turf, one comes suddenly upon passages which are like a kind of mournful protestation, and the cry, as it were, of a soul more noble than everything with which it is occupied. The friend of Charles Greville and the editor of his journal has not thought necessary to suppress these passages: thus authorizing me to add to them what follows:

"One day, at Broadlands, where he was staying with us, Mr. C. Greville, who had long been intimate with us and our friends, brought me a book, which he said was very interesting, and which he asked me to read. I took it into my room, but after having read a few pages, I perceived that, though certainly interesting, it was written in a spirit of negation and scepticism, as complete as it was detestable. I returned the book to him in the course of the evening, asking why he had recommended it to me, when he must have known that it could only annoy and pain me. He replied that he had given it me without scruple, because he thought that I should be pleased with what was good in it, and he knew that I should not be harmed by what was bad. 'For, you may be very sure,' he added, with an emotion he seldom showed, 'that I would not for the world shake your belief. God forbid! *I should be taking a great thing from you, and I should have nothing to give you in exchange!*'

"How often, when reading certain passages of his journal, I have recalled the tone in which he said those words to me!

¹ He was not then Minister for Foreign Affairs, but of the Home Office.

"In the course of the next morning, when I was in my room, I heard some one knock at my door; and, to my great surprise (for it is not a usual thing in England), I saw Mr. Greville come in. 'I should like to talk to you,' he said, 'and to go back a bit to what we were saying yesterday evening, if you will allow me.' It may be supposed that I did not refuse. We had, indeed, a long and very melancholy conversation, one which, alas! is, I think, often renewed, and which many besides myself have heard. Religious doubts—the wish to believe—the impossibility of understanding—a life filled with too many other things—time taken up—in short, emptiness, regret, dreary sadness, that was what it came to! I can see him now, standing leaning his head against the high marble mantel-piece, repeating: 'O how happy those are who have a real faith! if gold could buy it, what would one not pay!'

"This is the only conversation of the kind of which I have any recollection at Broadlands. As I have already said, the great religious struggle which was then agitating England found no echo there: and although it is not usual to apply the epithet 'futile' to a circle consisting of persons occupied with the gravest concerns of this world, yet the expression would really suit that of which I am speaking. This is more clearly to be seen when some time has passed, reducing to insignificance those great preoccupations which once seemed so important, sweeping away men and things, transforming even the places filled with their memories, and giving them so new an aspect that the very persons who owned them so lately would find it difficult to recognize their own abodes."

Studies in Biography.

NO. VI.—CATHARINE DE' MEDICI.—PART II.

LATE in the evening of the 23rd of August, the Princes of Guise went to the Louvre, and said that they saw plainly that their presence and their services were unwelcome, and that they were ready, if such were the King's pleasure, to retire to their own province. Charles replied sharply, that they might go where they chose, but that he should be sure to find them, if they proved guilty of the attack on the Admiral. The Guises met this passionate outburst with dignified silence, and they had already quitted Paris, when the people forced them to return.

The next day orders were issued that no one should leave his own quarter. Fifty archers were sent to guard Coligny's house, and to satisfy the irritated Huguenots the Parliament was commanded to proceed against the Duke of Guise. The House of Lorraine was greatly beloved by all its retainers, and an attack was made on the Admiral's hotel, the first blow he received being struck by a German named Behem, who had been passionately attached to the great Balafré. This scene is one side of the picture of that terrible 23rd of August. The next is one which proves the absence of all premeditation, for it shows us the Huguenots taking the initiative. It was past midnight when a party of armed Huguenot gentlemen crossed the Seine, in defiance of the King's orders, and surrounded the Louvre; shots were fired, and the bloody *mêlée* began.

The truth is, that the religious element was altogether absent from the events of the eve of St. Bartholomew. As to the question with which this sketch is principally concerned, that of the complicity of the Queen-mother, how could she or her son have planned a massacre, when the certain result of their success would be the victory of the Guises, in whose favour the League was prepared to dethrone the House of Valois? Charles took immediate and vigorous measures for checking all violence and bloodshed, and M. de Capefigue quotes the original documents,

which refute all the reiterated falsehoods that have been so long accepted as history. The King commanded the armed municipal forces to put down every attempt at insurrection, to *suffer no violence or injury, to a Huguenot on pain of death*, and to commit the defence of their houses and property to the city archers. Still more remarkable are the circular letters addressed by the King and the Queen-mother to the governors of the provinces: they give, as M. Capefigue truly says, the real explanation of the night of the 23rd of August.

Having heard [say these letters] that the relatives and friends of the Admiral had resolved to avenge the wound which he had received, M. M. de Guise had collected, to prevent them, a great number of gentlemen and citizens of Paris, with whose aid they forced their way through the guard I had given to the Admiral and killed him and all who were with him. This example was followed in all the other parts of the city with so much violence and fury that there was no possibility of hindering it. This misfortune having happened contrary to my will, I desire and command all the governors of provinces to be careful to put down everything of the kind in their districts, and I decree the penalty of death against all who do not obey.

What further proof is wanted? And it is in the face of such evidence that men have not been ashamed to repeat the childish tales of the "consecrated poniards," and the shots fired by Charles the Ninth from a particular balcony of the Louvre, which was not in existence at the time!

How, then, is the undeniable fact to be explained that Catharine de' Medici and Charles the Ninth did, notwithstanding their strong feeling of indignation on the subject, accept the responsibility of the events of the 23rd of August? They simply adjusted themselves to a *fait accompli*. Had they not done so they would have given the death-blow to the Valois line, and the dream of the House of Lorraine, the restoration of the dynasty of Charlemagne in the persons of the Guises, would have been accomplished. Accordingly, the spontaneous *mêlée* of St. Bartholomew was represented, in a declaration of the Parliament, as the suppression of an organized conspiracy against the person of the King, formed by the Admiral and his party; and the lamentations of the Huguenots¹ were drowned in the triumphant shouts of the Parisians at the confiscation of Coligny's property and the banishment of his family.

¹ Among the numerous pamphlets on the subject was one blasphemously entitled, *Passio domini nostri Gaspardi Coligni, secundum Bartholomæum*.

Catharine, true to her unswerving line of policy, now showed herself no less Catholic in thought and action than the Guises themselves. She was present at the abjuration of the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé, and wrote a letter to Philip of Spain, bidding him rejoice with her in the escape of herself and her son from the hands of the rebels. The Guises, meanwhile, never varied from their respectful bearing to the King and his mother. They had nothing to fear from them. Catharine and Charles might be as favourable to the Catholics as they had been to the Calvinists, they could never rival the Princes of Lorraine in the unbounded power which they possessed over the hearts of the people.

Still, there were parts of France where the Calvinists were in great force, and already an insurrection was threatening, which was formidable from the assistance counted on from England, Switzerland, and Holland, besides the support extended to it by the *tiers parti* under Montmorency, which rejected the responsibility of the eve of St. Bartholomew. This party, the history of which is curious and instructive, had coalesced with the Huguenots out of hatred to the Guises, and Montmorency had the command in Languedoc, the nucleus of the conspiracy.

Charles the Ninth was gradually sinking from lung disease, and the plan of the conspirators was to declare that the Duke of Anjou had forfeited the succession to the throne of France by accepting that of Poland, and to offer it to his brother Alençon, then betrothed to the Queen of England. Information was to be given to Navarre and Condé, who were at the Court, and they were to profit by the noisy amusements and dissipation of the carnival, to escape, and head the insurrection. Catharine was informed of the plot, and the King retired to St. Germain. She herself interrogated Navarre and Condé, and in consequence of their admissions two gentlemen, La Molle and Coconas, were arrested and tried. The first thing was to clear Alençon, and his mother sternly ordered him to sign a paper, declaring his innocence and abhorrence of the plot. It is difficult to believe in his sincerity, and still more so in that of Navarre, who was, as usual, ready with tears and protestations. The "Béarnois" had as little dignity as good faith. Catharine's superstition took alarm at two wax figures found in the possession of Alençon and La Molle, and her favourite astrologer, Cosmo Ruggieri, who was suspected of making them, was arrested and examined. A letter still exists, written in a trembling

hand, in which the poor Queen implores the *procureur* of the Parliament to let her know everything which Cosmo confesses, as she has heard that pricks were found in the head of the figure, and that La Molle had besides "*beaucoup de méchantes choses*" in his lodging. She also insists on Cosmo being compelled to take off any spell which he may have put upon Alençon to win him over to La Molle's projects.

Meanwhile, the young King, who was perfectly aware that his days were numbered, was arranging the affairs of his kingdom, and providing for the regency till his brother should arrive from Poland, with a fortitude and self-possession which is a strange contrast to the imaginary picture invented by the Huguenot pamphleteers which represents him as dying tortured by remorse, and shrieking out ravings and curses.

He appointed his mother Regent with the fullest power and authority, earnestly conjured Alençon, Navarre, and Condé to support her loyally and thoroughly, and died peacefully and calmly in Catharine's arms. There had been little room for sober thought and earnest endeavour in the gay, careless, art-loving life of the poor young Valois, yet one cannot help thinking that religion alone could have made him leave all the charms and pleasures around him, as M. Capefigue says, "*avec une force d'âme, un mépris religieux que donne la foi.*" All France mourned for him. We read of five hundred poor who came, dressed in mourning garments, to his funeral, and for many weeks no festivity, public or private, took place in Paris. The following is one out of many touching lamentations over the death of the "*gentil roy.*"

Et qui, bon Dieu, ne regretterait la beauté d'une tendrellette fleur, qui n'est sitôt épanouie qu' une tempête ne renverse, et fasse pèrir? Et qui, par même moyen, pourrait avoir le cœur si ferme, ou plutôt si obstiné, qui voyant la jeunesse de notre bon prince, sitôt renversée et fanée, que la beauté et la fleur de son âge commençait à flairer et se rendre odoriférante, ne le regretterait? Mort, combien amère est ta mémoire!

Catharine despatched confidential messengers to the King of Poland, urging him to hasten his return, for she mistrusted Alençon. Meanwhile she strove to soothe animosities by taking counsel in all her measures with Navarre and Condé, whom she had insisted on associating with herself in the government, forgetful of their complicity in the late conspiracy, bent only on giving peace to France. Magnanimous and forgiving as her

character was, there is one act of her brief Regency which is very significative, and which shows her eager to take vengeance, after many years, on one whom she believed to be her husband's murderer. Montgomery, instigated by Elizabeth of England, had raised a rebellion in Normandy. It was soon put down, and he made his submission and sued for pardon; but the mercy she showed to all besides was refused to him. The letter exists in which she urges his capture on M. de Matignon with almost savage eagerness.

Attrapez ce malheureux comte [she writes]; faites en sorte qu'il ne s'échappe point, car vous m'ôteriez un bien grand plaisir. Matignon si vous me faites le service de prendre tout vif Montgomery je l'estimerai le plus grand service que vous pouvez faire.

The Count was taken and executed in the Place de Grève.

The Calvinists refused to acknowledge the regency of the Queen-mother, whom they attacked with the grossest calumnies; the most abominable of their pamphlets was written by Henri Etienne, who had been loaded with benefits by her, and was actually living at the time on a pension she allowed him. Such is the authority on which Catharine de' Medici has been charged with the worst of crimes. She had reason to look anxiously for the arrival of the new king; she dreaded a fusion between the Huguenots and the *modérés*, or *politiques* in the south of France, while Alençon had managed to elude her vigilance and escape to Normandy whence communication with England was easy. Poor Catharine had a wonderful fund of hope in her soul, and all was to be well when her best loved son was King of France. He was the only man living whose *prestige* could rival that of the Duke of Guise, for he was loved and trusted by the Catholics, and was not the hero of Jarnac and Moncontour able to hold his own against the idol of the Huguenots—Henry of Navarre?

Henry the Third landed in Provence, and made an act of fervent loyalty to the Catholic religion in the Pontifical city of Avignon. He then went to Rheims for his consecration, and at that solemn ceremony, swore on the Gospels to extirpate heresy. His entry into Paris was a mixture of luxurious display and religious magnificence. He passed the Lent very piously, visiting the Churches, and hearing sermons, and when it was over, like a true Valois, astonished even Paris by the splendour of his fêtes, which were partly in honour of the sister of the Guises, whom he had just married, at his mother's earnest

advice. But it was for a short time indeed that "all went merry as a marriage bell." The events hurried on which were to issue in the creation of the League—the tragedy of Blois—and the doom of the Valois race. Catharine sent the Duc de Biron to treat with Condé, offering to grant all the demands of the malcontents in order to avoid the entrance into France of the foreign troops he had invited, while she herself prepared to go to Alençon (now Duke of Anjou) and impress on him the necessity of breaking his engagement with Elizabeth. It was her usual policy of concession to both parties. The result was the peace of Champigny, which secured terms so favourable to Condé and the Huguenots that the Catholic party saw plainly that their interests could find no fitting representatives in Henry or his mother. There could be but one such—he who, while they were treating with and yielding to the enemies of the Church, was driving the German reiters before him, and receiving in battle the wound in the face, which gained him the same title that his glorious father had borne, and more eagerly, more trustfully than ever all Catholic hearts rallied round Henri le Balafré.

The League, as a regularly organized political body, dates from the signature of the Peace of Champigny, and its influence is seen in the question proposed to the three orders at the first convocation of the States of Blois: "Was the reformed religion to enjoy free exercise, or was the unity of the Catholic Faith to be established?" With the exception of a few isolated voices, the States were unanimous in favour of the views of the League. Henry was inclined to adopt them also; but his mother represented to him incessantly that war must follow such a resolution, and that he had not the means for making war. She prevailed on him to let her negotiate once more, and the pacification of Poitiers paved the way for the Conference of Nérac, at which the Queen-mother presided. Well might the Catholics distrust their rulers. Not only did the Huguenots obtain seventeen strong places to be garrisoned by the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé, but a Chamber in the Parliament was to decide on their affairs, and its members were to be nominated by the King of Navarre, the relapsed Huguenot! The murmurs of the Catholics were just and loud, and the Articles of Nérac were soon answered by the Treaty of Joinville, which was signed by the heads of the League and the Court of Spain, and by which the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé were excluded from the succession. The former had become more than ever

formidable since the recent death of the Duke of Anjou, Catharine having promised to secure the crown to him in case Henry the Third died childless. The chiefs of the League watched her movements vigilantly. They knew that the plan concerted between her and the *politiques* was too likely to prove a winning game. This was to induce Navarre to recant his heresy, and so to remove the obstacle in his way to the succession. Once acknowledged heir, Catharine's dreams of equality of religion and unlimited liberty of conscience would be in a fair way to be realized: the Bearnois was not likely to develop too much Catholic zeal!

M. Capefigue points out the capital historical error which has represented the League as a combination of political intriguers, instead of, what it really was, the expression of the sentiments of the overwhelming majority in France, and a magnificent national organization to supply the want created by the failure of the royal authority in its duties to the Faith and the country. In the manifesto of Péronne (March 30, 1585), the chief objects of the League are declared: they are the reinstatement of God's Church in her full dignity and absolute authority, the defence of the just rights of the *noblesse*, the relief of the people from oppression and injustice, the abolition of the new taxes, the restoration of perfect freedom of judgment to the Parliaments, and the convocation of the States-general at least every three years, when everybody shall be at perfect liberty to represent his grievances.

The Queen-mother was thoroughly alarmed. It was too late to dream of offering to these men of iron will and inflexible determination the charms of gaiety, art, and literature by which she had hoped so long to calm bitter hostilities and conciliate jarring interests. She had encouraged Henry in his love for the splendid *fêtes*, where he appeared surrounded by the gay young nobles who were contemptuously called the King's *mignons*; she had invited numbers of her countrymen to the Court, actors, artists, men of letters; and she herself, with the charm of voice and grace of gesture which she still retained in her old age, loved to recite among them long passages from Tasso's newly-published poem, *Il Goffredo*, as the *Gerusalemme Liberata* was first entitled. But all this was at an end. She trembled at the power of the League; she saw that she had nothing to oppose to it; and with her unflinching adaptability and *souplesse* of character, she meditated attaching it to the crown, and making

it, if needs must, a means of government in the hands of her son. Old, infirm, and ill, Catharine hastened to visit the Duke of Guise in the camp of the League, and from there she wrote to the King that there is no prospect of negotiation unless he goes with them in matters of religion. With her usual clear-sightedness she saw that Henry's only chance was to throw himself completely into the arms of the Holy League; but she had a secret scheme of bringing together Navarre and Mayenne, who she at once saw was quite ready to be the representative of the Catholic *modérés*. Meanwhile, the Royalists must make common cause with the Leaguers. It was a bitter pill, which Henry swallowed with a very bad grace, and the poor old Queen was in constant terror that his audacious impertinencies would undo the effect of her elaborate friendliness. The new allies distrusted each other. Henry of Navarre defeated the Royalists at the Battle of Coutras, and the Leaguers accused Joyeuse, the general of the latter, of treachery. The same month Guise gained a brilliant victory over the German reiters, who were on their way to join Condé, and followed it up by a still greater success. This was the obtaining from Pope Sixtus the Fifth the excommunication of both Condé and Navarre. Immediately afterwards, he summoned the heads of the League to meet him at his capital, Nancy, where it was resolved to submit the following articles to the King as the conditions of his adhesion to the Holy League—(1) The publication of the Council of Trent; (2) the establishment of the Inquisition; (3) the placing of the great offices of State in the hands of the chiefs of the League; (4) the confiscation of the property of the heretics to defray the expenses of the war.

Nothing but stern necessity could have made Catharine accept articles so utterly opposed to her policy and disposition; but she eminently possessed the faculty of submitting to the inevitable with a good grace, and she still hoped in the end to induce even the Guises to adopt a less uncompromising course.

Henry was not so easily reconciled to his position; after all, he had a gallant army and devoted adherents. He, too, was a brave soldier, who had gained more than one great victory for the Catholic cause; why should not he be the real head of the League? Accordingly, he charged M. de Bellièvre, whom Catharine had sent to Nancy to negotiate terms, to insist on the following clauses: (1) That the King should have full power to dispose of the League when and as he pleased;

and (2) that the Duke of Guise should not come to Paris. This latter clause plainly shows that Henry knew his own powerlessness against the influence of the man he feared and hated. Paris had no confidence in the King; in vain he assisted at the offices of the Church, processions, and pilgrimages; the people whispered that he ate meat on Fridays, and the famous curé, Leicester, openly charged him with hypocrisy in the pulpit. Catharine dreaded, above all things, a hand-to-hand struggle between her son and the Duke, and she tried in vain to dissuade him from following the advice of his unwise counsellor, the Duc d'Epéron, to give secret orders to the Swiss and French guards to enter Paris. He seemed bent on braving the opinion of the citizens in every possible way, and lavished marks of affection and confidence on the young Marquis de Saint-Mesgrin, whose love for the Duchesse de Guise was well known. Catharine, with her usual penetration, saw that Guise would enter Paris, however much the King opposed his doing so, and that by gathering these bodies of guards around his person, Henry manifested a distrust and a sense of weakness which was highly dangerous. She advised her son to exert his authority by summoning Guise to Paris; far better that he should come in apparent obedience than in open defiance. The Duke, meanwhile, was perfectly *au courant* of everything that went on in the city, he knew that the people were only awaiting his arrival to rise, and every day he corresponded with the leaders of the popular party under the name of Mutius.

It was on the 5th of May, 1588, that the Duke entered Paris in disguise by the Porte Saint Martin, a disguise which was soon penetrated; he was forced to throw aside cloak and mask, and everywhere the joyful cry arose, "The Duke is here!" Without a moment's hesitation, Catharine invited him to the Tuileries. He accepted the offer, and hastened to assure her that all he desired was the dismissal of Epéron, and the ratification of the treaty of Nancy. The poor Queen was transported with joy and gratitude; she trembled and changed colour in her glad excitement.² She insisted on accompanying him herself to the Louvre, though so ill that she had to be carried in a chair, while Guise walked beside her. As they went along, all the shouts, all the loving greetings were for him, and the chronicle of the time tells of one girl who took off her

² "On la vit frissonner, changer de couleur, tant elle estoit heureuse" (*Journal de Henri III.*).

mask for a moment as he passed, and said, "Now you are here, good Prince, we are saved!" Together the Queen and her companion entered the Louvre; the Duke bent his knee to the King, whose only greeting was, "Why have you come here, my cousin?" Guise replied that it was to clear himself from the calumnies which were in circulation against him. Soon the conversation grew so warm, that Catharine took her son apart to remonstrate with him, and the Duke withdrew in silent indignation. Catharine passionately lamented the result of the meeting from which she had expected so much, but she went on hoping against hope, and striving to bring about a better understanding with a perseverance and patience which are pathetic in the extreme.

Guise himself was willing to meet her views; he bore himself respectfully, if proudly, and declared his loyalty unshaken, while protesting that he would never consent to the King of Navarre occupying the throne of France. In this he did but give expression to the determination of the League and the feeling of the country, and the Queen-mother acknowledged that only a good Catholic could wear the crown. It seems impossible to deny Guise's moderation and fairness, but Henry's wrong-headed obstinacy was inflexible, and the 12th of May, the Day of the Barricades, dawned. Early that morning the Guards, under Biron, entered Paris, and occupied four different positions on the right bank of the Seine. Immediately the students of the University rose on the other side; barricades were formed at every thirty paces, and manned with inconceivable rapidity, and no one was allowed to pass without a special order. In a very short time all Paris was in arms, and a deputation from the Hôtel de Ville implored the King to withdraw the troops. He refused, believing them strong enough to put down any popular rising; but he was soon undeceived. The people attacked the guards furiously, and drove them in between the barricades, so that there was no means of issue, "*si ce n'étoit par dessous terre comme les souris, ou dans l'eau comme les grenouilles, ou s'ils ne voloient en l'air comme les oiseaux.*"³ The barricades now reached to the Louvre; Catharine was weeping bitterly, and the King gave orders that the Guards should offer no further resistance. Once more, weary and heart-sick, but ready to spend her last breath in the cause of peace,

³ *Récit d'un bourgeois de Paris.* A journal of the events of that stormy month of May by an eye-witness.

the brave old Queen was carried in her chair to the Duke of Guise's hôtel. The people were surging to and fro in their wild excitement, and her attendants with difficulty opened a passage wide enough to let her pass; but one would think that the rudest there must have revered the courage and self-devotion of the white-haired mother of their King. Guise received her with all his own chivalrous respect and courtesy, and, absolute master of the city as he was, insisted on nothing more than he had at first demanded, except, indeed, that Henry should remain in Paris. No doubt Catharine felt the full force of the clause; so long as Henry was there, Guise would be mayor of the palace, but it was no time for hesitation. Only one hand could calm the storm, and she promised that the conditions should be accepted.

But the King had only yielded to necessity, and from this moment he resolved to quit Paris secretly and rejoin his army. One day, when walking with a few attendants in the new gardens of the Tuileries, which were close to the royal stables, he contrived to ride out of the Porte Neuve, and turning in the saddle, hurled passionate reproaches at the city. It was a fatal move—the death-blow to his power. The Queen-mother bitterly regretted this false step; she remained in Paris doing all in her power by her affability to the citizens, and above all by the display of her friendly relations with the Duke, to conciliate the offended people. Guise was admirable in his loyal bearing and moderation: he protected the Royal Guards from the anger of the citizens, and went so far as to restore their arms to them. A letter exists in which he gives the King of Spain a detailed account of the Day of the Barricades; it does not contain one disrespectful or bitter word against Henry.

Catharine was firmly convinced that the only hope for the line of Valois was in the alliance of the House of Lorraine, and she obtained the Duke's consent to accompany her in a visit of conciliation to her son, who was at Chartres. Her train was a splendid one, the Duke with his gentlemen, the Cardinal de Bourbon with his brilliant suite, the Archbishop of Lyons, and the chief magistrates of Paris. She implored the King with earnest entreaties to return to Paris. He replied that he would never do so as long as it was ruled by the Princes of Lorraine; then the poor mother burst into tears, and asked him how it was that he had so changed his nature as no longer to regard

her wishes and prayers, and how he, who had ever been gentle and forgiving, had become so bitter and vindictive. He answered, with his usual imprudence, that he supposed it was all D'Epernon's fault, well knowing that his mother as well as the Guises, disliked and distrusted that mischievous counsellor. But it was the old story, Henry blustered at first and yielded in the end, and the treaty of Chartres was signed, by which he declared himself the head of the League and swore to exclude all Huguenots and *politiques* from every office in the State. He dismissed D'Epernon, and invested the Duke of Guise with full powers as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. When Philip the Second received the news of the victory of the Catholic cause, he only said, "Tell the Duke not to trust the King, there is no reliance on that fickle nature."

Events soon proved that his wonderful penetration into character had rightly read Henry of Valois. Courtiers, Huguenots, *politiques*, all combined in showing the King that his sovereignty was henceforth a shadow: pamphlets by the score appeared, repeating again and again that his position was worse than that any *roi fainéant* of old, and that if he would be King of France, he must shake off the yoke and rid himself of the tyrant. The counsel was poured into willing ears. The great Duke was doomed: it was only a question of how and when. The Queen-mother vainly strove to show her son that he could not destroy the League by striking its leader, that Guise represented the sentiments of the country, and that a successor would rise up to inherit his power and avenge his fall. D'Epernon's mad counsels prevailed, and Catharine's words of wisdom were spoken to the winds.

The dominant idea of the League was the immediate convocation of the States-General. No sooner was the treaty of Chartres signed than letters were despatched to summon them to meet at Blois. The Catholic deputies were in an overwhelming majority, and the language of the Assembly was determined and startling: the respectful remonstrances in which its opinions had hitherto been clothed were abandoned: it was resolved to issue edicts and *ordonnances*, in short, to exert the full legislative power which the King did but hold for the good of the people. The demands made by the States were bold and uncompromising in the extreme; all taxes were to be reduced to the level of 1516; and it was to be a war *à outrance*

with the heretics. Henry promised everything with suspicious readiness, he believed the Duke of Guise to be the prime mover of the spirit of opposition which animated the Assembly, and that if he were once rid of this man whom he had so long envied and hated, he should be really King of France. D'Epernon had imbued him with his own wrong-headed notion that if Guise were out of the way the House of Lorraine would fall with him, and the King be in truth, and not only in name, the head of the League: and he was deaf to the counsels of his mother, who knew that to strike the leader of a cause is to make him its martyr. Henry was blinded, the order was given, and the murderous tragedy of the 23rd of December, 1588, accomplished. The body of Henri le Balafré was exposed as that of a criminal, the principal members of his family and his most devoted adherents were arrested, and the last threads of the tie between the House of Valois and the people were broken.

A cry of grief and execration rang through France; in Paris the Curé Leicester openly preached that "the wicked Herod was no more king," and from every pulpit in the city he was declared to have forfeited the crown. The Queen-mother was lying ill at the Château de Blois when she heard of the sanguinary *Coup d'état*. "Madame," said Henry, "now at last I am King!" Catharine knew that never had his seat been so insecure, and at once urged him to make sure of the cities of the League, and to communicate with the Papal Legate by means of Cardinal de Gondî. She knew that the future proceedings of the League would be immensely influenced by Sixtus the Fifth, whose supreme voice alone could formally depose her son, and even now she hoped to find a remedy for the mischief that had been done!

The cities of the League rose, as the Queen-mother had forseen, against the "tyrant," and lavished sympathy, honour, and every mark of devotion on the wife, the children, the brothers of the murdered hero. The crown was not yet offered to his representative, but the way was being prepared, and the "Council of the Union," as the Provisional Government at this crisis was called, issued a new seal with the motto, "*Sigillum regni Franciæ*." Catharine made one last effort. She rose from her sick-bed and was borne in a litter to the Cardinal de Bourbon, whom she implored to exert his good offices on behalf of the peace of the country. He received her with bitter anger

and violent reproaches: "Ah! Madame, this is your doing, you would slay us all." She replied, in a passion of distress, that, on her eternal salvation she was innocent of having counselled or desired the Duke's death. It was her last protestation; she sank fainting as she uttered it, and was carried back to die.

The readers of Mr. Carlyle's *French Revolution* will remember the pathetic and powerful passage in which he contrasts the two "Royal progresses" of poor Marie Antoinette, the one when she entered France as Dauphine, the other when the death-tumbrel carried her to the guillotine. There is little in common between the Austrian Archduchess and the Florentine *Ducessina*, and the life and character of the latter presents none of the pathetic dignity and Christian heroism which glorified Marie Antoinette's path of many sorrows. But in Catharine's story, too, we may "look upon this picture and on this," and contrast the lavish pomp and elegance of the wedding day at Marseilles with the disappointment and humiliation and forlorn hope of her "progress" through the surging Parisian mob on the Day of the Barricades, or with the last despairing effort for peace which she died in making. It is an instructive page of history and a very mournful one, which shows this daughter of the Medici spending her labour and her life in vain, struggling to save her children's throne from ruin, and to give peace to her adopted country, and dying heart-broken amid the wreck of her impossible schemes, with the curses of the people ringing round her best-loved son. "Give any boon for peace!" had been her cry: and what, indeed, had she not given? Her happiness as a woman and mother, her honour as a sovereign, and, is it too much to say, her faith as a Catholic? She had, at least, been ready to abandon its dearest interests as a sacrifice to that phantom-peace which was her idol; and so, with much that was noble and just and magnanimous in her character, the deepest lesson that her life teaches to a thoughtful Catholic is that there can be no compromise with conscience, nor paltering with heretics, and that those who pursue a policy in which the claims of God and His Church are not paramount, will find that they "have looked for peace and there is no good, and for the time of healing, and behold trouble."

Catholic Review.

I.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *Lessons from Nature*, as manifested in Mind and Matter. By St. George Mivart. Murray, 1876.

THIS volume consists mainly of articles reprinted from the reviews in which they originally appeared. It is dedicated to Father Newman, to whom the author expresses the gratitude he feels for the obligation under which he lies to him for "the ability to unite in one the theistic and naturalistic conceptions of the world about us." He tells us in the Preface that having noted the narrowing and misleading effects of the limited sense ascribed in modern research to the term Nature, it has been his object in this work to restore to this study one of its most important parts, and one most generally excluded from it; the facts and processes of Reason, in other words, the human mind. To those to whom in the successful prosecution of this aim Dr. Mivart passes on the obligation he acknowledges on his own part towards Father Newman, its importance can hardly be exaggerated. In these days when so many scientific sorcerers—

Hurl
Their dazzling spells into the spongy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with bleary illusion,
And give it false presentments,

the clear, reasonable, and scientific exposition of the Christian philosopher has a value that is circumscribed by no difference of creed or opinion. The mere statement of the truth will clear the mists from before many eyes and pierce the darkness of error in the heart of many who do not believe. And for those who do believe, it is no small benefit to be clearly shown how they may boldly and confidently meet the rash assertions constantly made either explicitly or by implication of the incompatibility of science and religion—how they may unite their faith with the speculations of science and by a full knowledge of what they are and are not bound to hold, may avoid the danger of what has been aptly called "canonizing for Scripture their own whims."

With regard to Dr. Mivart's book we are bound to own ourselves too much in the position of learners to assume with any confidence the tone of critics, and we shall content ourselves with attempting little more than an analysis of part of its contents. In the first chapters are laid

down the true basis of philosophic certainty, and the author draws three lessons from nature—the certainty of our own existence, of positive truth, and of the external world. Having thus prepared the way he proceeds to the study of the nature of man as exhibited by his intellectual and bodily faculties and conditions, with the object of showing the fundamental difference between man and the brute.

There are now, our author tells us, two very distinct views as to the origin of the animal population of this planet: (1) The monistic hypothesis which asserts that the differences between all such animals is one merely of *degree*, and that a uniform law has presided over the whole; (2) the dualistic hypothesis which asserts a distinct origin for man since the difference between him and brutes is one of *kind*. The universal adequacy of the theory of evolution must be tested by its application to the phenomena presented to us by man in his highest and lowest existing condition. The logic of the evolutionary theory must stand or fall by this test. Supporters of the monistic hypothesis must maintain that man in his origin was brutal, and they must expect that science will furnish evidence of the existence of such men (whether or no any specimens still survive). Supporters of the dualistic hypothesis must maintain that man's origin was distinct from that of the brutes, and that no race exists or ever will be found without moral perceptions, language, and religious conceptions. Five main subjects of inquiry bear upon this question: (1) Language, (2) Morals, (3) Religion, (4) Progress, (5) Community of Nature.

Dr. Mivart devotes a chapter to the study of rational language, "as a bond of connection between the mental and material world," and to showing that as such it is absolutely peculiar to man. Mr. Tylor's work on *Primitive Culture* is quoted to show that travellers have been mistaken in their estimate of the deficiency of language in savage tribes. He says: "It always happens, in the study of the lower races that the more means we have of understanding their thoughts, the more sense and reason do we find in them." And he is unable to bring forward any evidence of a speechless condition of man. Rational speech is the expression of distinct conceptions of ideas, and differs altogether from the inarticulate expression of emotions or sensations such as the sounds emitted by brutes. Some form of speech is a necessary consequence of reason, and when man, as in the case of deaf mutes, is without the power of external expression (*verbum oris*) he plainly shows that he possesses the requisite mental faculty (*verbum mentale*) by the gesture language which he elaborates.

The power possessed by man of passing conscious rational judgment upon certain modes of action is the faculty which constitutes him a moral being and shows that the difference between him and brutes is one of kind not merely of degree. Dr. Mivart quotes largely from Sir John Lubbock's work on the *Origin of Civilization* in proof of the universality in man, no matter how degraded his physical condition, of this faculty of apprehending the notion of right and wrong

apart from the idea of pleasure or pain. No instances ever adduced of apparent moral action in brutes show that they possess the faculty of passing a moral judgment. Our author points out that Mr. Darwin and others who believe the moral sense to be merely the result of the development of brutal instincts, entirely miss the essential element of moral action—that it is not followed independently of reason. We are all conscious of the faculty of fixing our attention, in spite of distracting causes, by a deliberate, self-conscious act; and closely connected with this is the faculty of choice. “The will indeed necessarily follows the stronger motive, but the soul has on certain occasions the power of intensifying one motive at will and so making that motive for the time the stronger.”

Strict investigation has proved two things, that no races of men exist without the faculty of judging concerning abstract ideas of right and wrong, and that these abstract ideas however perverted are never in contradiction with the abstract moral judgments of the highest races. Dr. Mivart points out two instances¹ of Mr. Mill's inability to rid himself of the idea of abstract morality in favour of the utilitarianism he would advocate, so that we see its permanence in the highest intellect as well as in the lowest. The question with regard to the universality of religious conceptions in the human race is whether any people are now in a state equally unconscious of the preternatural and equally unconcerned with regard to a future state as are the brutes; or in a state which may be considered transitional from brutish non-religiosity; or possessed of religious conceptions essentially divergent in kind from our own. Long quotations are given from Mr. Tylor's work on *Primitive Culture*, showing that as yet no tribe has been found without religious conceptions. He says: “Though the theoretical niche is ready and convenient, the actual statue to fill it is not forthcoming. The case is in some degree similar to that of the tribes asserted to exist without language or without the use of fire; nothing in the nature of things (?) seems to forbid the possibility of such existence, but, as a matter of fact, the tribes are not found.”

As to the fourth point, the progress or retrogression of the human race in general, Dr. Mivart, again quoting from *Primitive Culture*, brings forward an array of most interesting testimony to show how common amongst savage races are the remains of an extinct, or almost extinct, cultivation. In Africa, India, and America, the works of former inhabitants remain as astonishing evidence of their knowledge of arts and sciences wholly unknown to their rude and barbarous successors. Dr. Mivart also quotes from an address delivered by Mr. A. Mott before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool, on the 6th of October, 1873, a passage so remarkable that we transcribe it in spite of its length. He says—

Easter Island stands alone in the Pacific Ocean, two thousand miles from South America, and about one thousand from the nearest islands that are

¹ Pp. 97 and 105.

habitable. It is about twelve miles long by four in width—not so large as Jersey. The inhabitants, about a thousand in number, are savages. They are of course entirely isolated, and the island is seldom visited by ships. It is volcanic, and the soil fertile, but it could not maintain a population of ten thousand souls without the aid of civilization or foreign intercourse. Probably the natives have never reached half that number in their present condition of life.

This island is strewn with hundreds of carved stone images, many of them of extraordinary size. Some are nearly forty feet long. Many are over fifteen feet. Two of the smaller ones are in the British Museum. One of these is eight feet high and weighs four tons. Many of these images have had separate stone crowns placed upon their heads, the crowns being from two to ten feet across. Thirty of these crowns were found on the hill, from the rock of which they were sculptured, waiting to be removed. The images were generally set on pedestals upon raised terraces, of which there are many. The terraces are about a hundred yards long, ten yards wide, and on one side—they stand on slopes—seven or eight yards high. They are built of large stones, some of them six feet long. There are also remains of numerous low stone houses and other structures in the island. The present inhabitants know nothing about the origin of these things.

This striking picture of a world of art and intellectual cultivation so strangely vigorous in spite of its isolation, and so completely dead, has so much in it that appeals to the imagination that we may perhaps be forgiven for the digression if we remark how curiously it gives a "local habitation and a name" to Mr. Browning's beautiful parable of the deserted island, in the fourth part of "*Paracelsus*"—

Just as we cry, "No human voice before
Broke the inveterate silence of these rocks!"
Their querulous echo startles us; we turn:
What ravaged structure still looks o'er the sea?
Some characters remain too! While we read,
The sharp salt wind, impatient for the last
Of even this record, wistfully comes and goes,
Or sings what we recover, mocking it.
This is the record; and my voice, the wind's:
Over the sea our galleys went,
With cleaving prows in order brave,
To a speeding wind and a bounding wave—
A gallant armament. . . .
But the heaving sea was black behind
For many a night and many a day,
And land, though but a rock, drew nigh;
So we broke the cedar poles away,
Let the purple awning flap in the wind,
And a statue bright was on every deck!
We shouted every man of us,
And steered right into the harbour thus,
With pomp and pæan glorious.
A hundred shapes of lucid stone!
All day we built its shrine for each,
A shrine of rock for every one,
Nor paused till in the westering sun
We sat together on the beach,
To sing because our task was done.

But this bare rock was not the place where they should have set up their statues, and when they discovered their mistake they would not rectify it, and the parable is—

The sad rhyme of the men who proudly clung
To their first fault, and withered in their pride.

After giving some instances of moral degradation, especially a curious form of degraded Christianity to be met with in Abyssinia, Dr. Mivart proceeds to point out that although facts seem to show a degeneracy so great and widespread as to account for the existing state of all the various tribes of savages which discovery has made known to us, the maintenance of this position is by no means necessary to justify the religious belief of Catholics. He says—

All traces, now or hereafter to be discovered, of ancient man may indicate *ascent* and progress, and all existing savages may be *ascending* from still lower levels, and yet the first man may notwithstanding have been all that theology asserts that he was. Nay, more; his progeny may none the less have preserved for a considerable period a high degree of direct, simple, and moral elevation in an age of stone, and yet have been the ancestors of races who fell below the level of savages now existing on the face of the earth. In theology Adam stands in a category of his own, and was actually all that it became him as man to be, having the full and perfect use of reason in the first moment of his existence. Of his descendants, some might have remained stationary, or have continued to retrograde till discovered by civilized man, while others more favourably circumstanced might have again spontaneously advanced by their own *inventio*, and been found by discoverers in a positively ascending and improving condition. Nothing, therefore, which ethnology or archæology can demonstrate can conflict with Christian doctrine, since the question concerning the mental condition of Adam is one utterly beyond the reach of physical science, while any facts concerning *Homo sylvaticus* will be welcomed by theologians as tending to throw light upon the condition of his descendants.

The fifth subject of the present inquiry, the community of nature amongst the existing races of man, is led up to by those that precede, and partly though not sufficiently answered by them. But the result of direct investigation is wholly satisfactory as to an affirmative conclusion, the more so as it is gained by the careful, elaborate, and conscientious work of men whose bias would have led them to a contrary conclusion. The most ancient relics of man's work place it beyond doubt that his ideas were fundamentally the same as ours. Mr. Tylor says²—

We find a *substantial similarity* in knowledge, arts, and customs running through the whole world.

And further, there seems no human thought so primitive as to have lost its bearings on our own thought, nor so ancient as to have broken its connection with our own life.

From the study of man's intellectual nature we are led to infer the inadequacy of the theory of evolution to account for its development, whether into the highest or the lowest forms of human nature. The savage is made to yield his testimony to the action of a Divine mind, as the direct and immediate originator and cause of the existence of its created image, the mind of man.

Passing to the peculiarities of man's bodily frame, Dr. Mivart, whilst fully admitting all the facts brought forward by Mr. Darwin in the

² *Researches into the Early History of Mankind*, p. 169.

Descent of Man in proof of what no one denies, the animality of man, combats Mr. Darwin's implied assertion that he is no more than an animal. The close connection between the structures of man's body and those of the higher apes is rather the result of a network than a ladder.³ Man is not as some would fain he were, the term and culmination of a single ascending series through apes and half apes, but the likeness between his body and theirs is in the highest degree complex. "It is indeed a tangled web, the meshes of which no naturalist has as yet unravelled by the aid of natural selection. Nay, more; these complex affinities form such a net for the use of the teleological retiarus as it will be difficult for his Lucretian antagonist to evade, even with the countless turns and doublings of Darwinian evolutions." To place man, on account of his similarity of bodily structure, in the same kingdom with other animals is, says our author (and he maintains the position, in spite of Mr. Huxley's scornful criticism upon it), to ignore that in him which makes the distinction between him and the gorilla wider than between the gorilla and the dust of the earth. Mr. Wallace, quoted by Dr. Mivart, says—

When the first rude spear was formed to assist in the chase, when fire was first used to cook his food, when the first seed was sown or shoot planted, a grand revolution was effected in nature, a revolution which in all the previous ages of the earth's history has had no parallel; for a being had arisen who was in some degree superior to nature, inasmuch as he knew how to control and regulate his actions, and could keep himself in harmony with her, not by a change of body, but by an advance in mind.

Man's consciousness of his own consciousness and his free will are powers impossible to explain by the theory of evolution, because they are different not in degree, but in kind from any faculties that belong to the nature of animals.

Mr. Darwin maintains that the habits of ants show powers similar to man's:

They communicate information to each other, and several unite for the same work or games of play. They build great edifices, keep them clean, close the doors in the evening, and post sentries. They make roads, and even tunnels under rivers. They collect food for the community, and when an object too large for entrance is brought to the nest, they enlarge the door, and afterwards build it up again. They go out to battle in regular bands, and freely sacrifice their lives for the common weal. They emigrate in accordance with a preconceived plan. They capture slaves, they keep aphides as milch cows.

Arguing that these wonderful powers possessed by ants do not justify any separate classification of ants, because the difference is only of degree between their powers and those of one of the most sluggish and inactive of insects (the coccus), he proceeds to apply the same reasoning to man, contending that the difference between man's mental power over the ant's is not so great as between the ant and the coccus, and that therefore it is not reasonable to place man in a kingdom apart from other animals of his order on account of his rationality. But

³ P. 175.

Dr. Mivart shows that this is a misapprehension of the true significance of man's mental powers. He says there is not a tittle of evidence that ants possess the reflective, self-conscious, deliberate faculty, while the perfection of their instincts is a most powerful argument against the need of attributing a rudiment of rationality to any brute whatever.

It is clear that in Dr. Mivart's words, "We cannot make brute psychosis a part of our consciousness," nor learn it by any process similar to that which enables us to enter into the minds of our fellow men—namely, rational speech; and that therefore the best preparation for arriving at an exact knowledge of the mental powers of the brute is an accurate study of our own. Reason begins where instinct ends. There is no trace in the most complex instinctive faculties of animals or insects of the reflex consciousness which is the distinctive characteristic of man's nature. If the ant's wonderfully complex instincts show that the little insect is possessed of reason, this would lead us to rank him with man in a kingdom apart of rational animals.

Dr. Mivart treats the question of the differences between Instinct and Reason in great detail, and his arguments in opposition to Mr. Darwin's theory of the evolution of man's consciousness from the consciousness of the brute are clear and convincing. After dividing man's faculties into the deliberate and indeliberate, the former belonging to his distinctive powers as a rational animal, the latter appertaining in some measure to the non-rational animals, he shows how the highest psychical faculties of animals appear to answer pretty closely to these indeliberate human faculties, and he contends that no example ever brought forward affords the least reason to think that any animal possesses the slightest rudiments of the self-conscious reflective deliberate faculty that belongs universally to man. One of the most interesting features of animal instinct, and the one which more than any other demonstrates that the difference between Instinct and Reason is one of kind, not merely of degree, is that it performs actions impossible to Reason. We are all familiar with instances in point, but one or two quoted by Dr. Mivart are exceptionally striking. He says—

The young female wasp (sphex), without maternal experience, will seize caterpillars or spiders, and stinging them in a certain definite spot, paralyzes and deprives them of all power of motion (and probably also of sensation) without depriving them of life. She places them thus paralyzed in her nest with her eggs, so that the grubs, when hatched, may be able to subsist on a living prey unable to escape from or resist their defenceless and all but powerless destroyers.

The following also is quoted—

I dug out five young pole-cats comfortably embedded in dry withered grass; and in a side hole of proper dimensions for such a lair, I poked out forty large frogs and two toads, all alive, but merely capable of sprawling a little. On examination I found that the whole number, toads and all, had been purposely and dexterously bitten through the brain (p. 202).

No one denies instinctive faculties to man, but

His instinctive faculties are, as all admit, not rational ones; his rational actions are not instinctive. Even more than this, we may say that the *more*

instinctive are a man's actions, the *less* are they rational, and *vice versa*, and this amounts to a demonstration that reason has not, and by no possibility could have been, developed from instinct. In man we have the inverse ratio between sensation and perception, and in brutes it is just where the absence of reason is most specially admitted (*e.g.*, in insects), that we have the very summit and perfection of instinct made known to us by the ant and the bee. That instinct and reason then are so distinct, is made manifest by the inverse relation existing between the two. The intensification of sensation diminishes the power of intellectual action, while intense intellectual preoccupation deadens the sensitive faculties. Sir William Hamilton long ago called attention to this inverse relation, but when two faculties tend to increase in an inverse *ratio*, it becomes unquestionable that the difference between them is one of kind (p. 230).

Dr. Mivart's criticisms of the current theories of the philosophers of the day regarding instinct and the development of his own theory of instinct are full of interest, but are too detailed to be entered upon here. We are led, by considering the nature of animal instinct, to have an augmented respect for the gift of reason which we possess, and of the dignity of man, in whom nature for the first time becomes conscious of its own existence. It is the tendency of modern thought to return to the state of savages, who make but little of the distinction between themselves and the brute; it is the inevitable consequence of the endeavour to account by evolution for all the phenomenon of life; the faculties of animals must be unduly elevated and man proportionately lowered. To represent man as a mere automaton, of a higher order than brutes, but of the same origin and with powers only differing from theirs in degree, his higher qualities—all that make him man—must be ignored or reasoned away, and this is done constantly and persistently by the leaders of scientific opinion. Even inanimate nature has an unconscious intelligence: "reason, order, and activity pervade the material universe, the mineral, as well as the animal and vegetable kingdoms;" but man alone has faculties that make him superior to nature, that make him to a certain extent independent of nature. How can mere nature have endowed him with these faculties? If he has powers fundamentally different from those of any other creature, it must be reasonable to believe that the origin of those powers is distinct from the origin of the powers of the other creatures which we see around us. Were this lesson from Nature the only lesson taught to all who read this book its value would be great indeed, but it is not so. The chapters we have considered form but half the book, and to many the half we have not touched upon will be the most interesting.

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2. *Sancta Sophia*, or directions for the Prayer of Contemplation, etc. Extracted out of more than forty treatises written by the late Ven. Father F. Augustin Baker, and methodically digested by the Rev. F. Serenus Cressy. Now edited by the Very Rev. Dom Norbert Sweeney, D.D., O.S.B. Burns and Oates, 1876.

This famous work is at last reprinted, and may take its place among the best of the modern reproductions of the standard books of our Catholic forefathers. The materials are the work of Father Baker, the

arrangement and the selections belong to Father Cressy, and, we may add, Father Sweeney has done his part by a very careful discharge of his duties as Editor. He tells us in the Preface that he began by intending to verify the quotations in the work, but that their number fairly baffled him. It seems to us that the verification of quotations, at the cost of immense labours, is more than can be required in such a work. In a great number of cases it is the remark, the axiom, the pregnant sentence which seems to pierce the heart of a difficulty or furnish a rule which can be used in a number of various cases, that is the thing of value. It does not matter whether the author be "Thaulerius" or "Rusbrochius," or in what particular treatise or sermon the quotation is to be found. Where it is the authority of the writer that is principally of importance, the case may be different. But we are very glad that Father Sweeney has dispensed himself from the thankless and not altogether profitable task which the hunting up of references would have imposed on him. The other point to which Father Sweeney has devoted himself, without any dispensation, is far more worthy of his labour. Father Baker wrote before Quietism was condemned by the Church, and it is frankly confessed that there are places in the volume before us where the language would have been more carefully guarded by the author if he had lived to see that condemnation. To say this is not to imply any blame on him, but the fact here mentioned has necessarily imposed on the Editor the duty of adding notes here and there to warn the incautious reader.

The book itself is one on which no one can be capable of pronouncing a judgment unless he be an expert in the practices of the contemplative life. Such persons do not willingly communicate their opinions to the readers of periodicals. However, the work does not appear now for the first time, and its high character is too well known to need criticism or eulogy. The three great divisions of the book embrace the subjects of the Internal Life in general, Mortification, and Prayer. The first part contains several chapters on the guidance of the soul by God, His inspirations and calls, on the comparatively subordinate place to be occupied by the external director, and other kindred topics. Father Baker's doctrine on these subjects is very ably defended by Father Cressy in the original "Preface to the Reader." There is nothing in it that needs apology, though like so many other true doctrines, it is not free from the possibility of perversion. The treatise on Mortification dwells principally on interior mortification in its widest sense, and includes a very useful chapter on Scrupulosity. The characteristic of the treatise on Prayer is the strong advocacy of affective prayer. It contains some very beautiful passages, but the subject is perhaps unfit for quotation in our pages. We may however make two interesting extracts with regard to the vocal prayer of the ancient solitaries.

That internal spiritual prayer was seriously and almost continually practised by the ancients is apparent both out of the Lives and Conferences

of the Ancient Fathers. But indeed there are but few proofs extant that appointed times were set for the exercising it conventually, except in the fore-mentioned story of the monk tempted by the devil to retire himself from his brethren when they were in such prayer. I suppose, therefore, that superiors and directors of souls tending to contemplation were in these latter days obliged to enjoin daily recollections, by reason that the daily, private, and continual employments of religious persons are not so helpful and advantageous to the procuring of that most necessary simplicity and purity of souls as anciently they were; and, therefore, they were forced to make some supply for this defect by such conventual recollections, the which they instituted to be performed in public, because they perceived or feared that religious souls, if they were left to themselves would out of tepidity neglect a duty so necessary and so efficacious.

Now to the end that, by comparing the manner of living observed anciently by religious persons with the modern in these days, it may appear what great advantages they enjoyed towards the attaining of perfection of prayer beyond us, we may consider (1) their set devotions, what they were; and (2) their daily employments during the remainder of the day.

As concerning the first, their appointed devotions, either in public or private, was only reciting the psalter, to which they sometimes enjoined a little reading of other parts of scripture. For as for the fore-mentioned conventual mental exercise of prayer, it was very short, being only such short aspirations as God's Spirit did suggest unto them in particular, as it were the flower of their public vocal prayers. Yea, and in private, when they did purposely apply themselves to prayer, they seldom varied from the manner of their public devotions; for then they also used the psalter.

Now how it came to pass that vocal prayers alone were in ancient times available to bring souls to perfect contemplation, which in these days it neither does nor, ordinarily speaking, can do, I shall declare more fully when I come hereafter to treat of prayer; and in this place I will content myself to point only at the reasons and grounds of differences, viz. (1) one reason was their incomparably more abstraction of life, more rigorous solitude, and almost perpetual silence, of the practice of which in these days, it is believed, we are not capable; (2) a second was their fasts, abstinences, and other austerities beyond the strength of our infirm corporal complexions; (3) a third was their external employments out of the set times of prayer, the which did far better dispose souls to recollection, to attendance on the divine inspirations, &c., than those ordinarily practised in these days.

No wonder, then, if vocal prayer, exercised by such pure, resigned, humble, mortified, and undistracted souls, had the efficacy to produce in them an habitual state of recollected introversion, which doubtless in many of them was more profound, not only whilst they were busied in their vocal exercises, but also during their external business, than it is ordinarily with us in the height of our best recollections.

It cannot be denied but that in ancient times many holy souls did attain to perfect contemplation by the mere use of vocal prayer; the which likewise would have the same effect upon us if we would or could imitate them both in such wonderful solitude or abstraction, rigorous abstinences, and incredible assiduity in praying. But for a supply of such wants, and inability to support such undistracted long attention to God, we are driven to help ourselves by daily set exercises of internal prayer to procure an habitual constant state of recollectedness, by such exercises repairing and making amends for the distractions that we live in all the rest of the day.

Notwithstanding God's hand is not shortened, but that if He please He may now also call souls to contemplation by the way of vocal prayer, so as that they are their general and ordinary exercise; which if He do, it will be necessary that such souls should, in their course, observe these following conditions.

The first is, that they must use a greater measure of abstraction and mortification than is necessary for those that exercise mental prayer. The reason is, because internal prayer, being far more profound and inward,

affords a far greater light and grace to discover and cure the inordinate affections; it brings the soul likewise to a greater simplicity and facility to recollect itself, &c., and therefore vocal prayer, to make amends, had need be accompanied with greater abstraction, &c.

The second condition is, that those who use vocal prayer must oblige themselves to spend a greater time at their daily exercises than is necessary for the others, to the end thereby to supply for the less efficacy that is in vocal prayer.

The third is, that in case they do find themselves at any time invited by God internally to a pure internal prayer (which is likely to be of the nature of aspirations), they then must yield to such an invitation, and for the time interrupt or cease their voluntary vocal exercises for as long time as they find themselves enabled to exercise internally. These conditions are to be observed of all those who, either in religion or in the world, desire to lead spiritual lives, and cannot without extreme difficulty be brought to begin a spiritual course with any kind of mere mental prayer.

And, indeed, if any such souls there be to whom vocal prayer (joined with the exercise of virtues) is sufficient to promote them to contemplation, certain it is that there is no way more secure than it, none less subject to indiscretion or illusions, and none less perilous to the head or health. And in time (but it will be long first) their vocal prayers will prove aspirative, spiritual, and contemplative, by their light and virtue illustrating and piercing to the very depth of the spirit.

But in these days this case is very extraordinary, and indeed unknown; and therefore contemplative religious persons ought not, upon any pretence, to dispense with themselves from the exercise of mental prayer, whatever pretensions or temptations they may have thereto. They may, perhaps, find their vocal prayers to be more clear and undistracted, and on the contrary, their recollections to be more painful and disturbed; but yet, in time and by constancy in pursuing internal exercises, they will find the contrary, and perceive that the ground of the difference was either some present corporal indisposition, or perhaps a temptation of the devil, to move them to a neglect of exercising in spirit. Since certain it is, that little less than a miracle will cause vocal prayers, to imperfect souls, to become contemplative, or sufficient to produce profound recollection; the which effects even those that have long practised internal exercises do not find in the reciting of the Office. Such seeming extraordinary contemplations, therefore, as seem to come to souls, none knows from whence, without any great merit or due disposition on their part are not much to be esteemed, but rather to be suspected; and, however, they deserve not that therefore the solid exercises of internal prayer should be neglected.

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3. *Gentilism*. Religion previous to Christianity. By the Rev. Aug. J. Thébaud, of the Society of Jesus. New York: D. and J. Sadlier, 1876.

We should welcome with very great pleasure any truly learned work from the pen of a Catholic author on the subject of one of the growing heresies of the day, that, namely, which seeks to throw discredit on the Christian account of the history of our race by the theory of the original barbarism of the first generations of mankind. It is a theory which has many attractions to the enemies of faith, who are doing all in their power, however unconsciously, to reduce the race once more to a state of savage ignorance and sensuality quite as bad as any that they have imagined as the condition of our first ancestors. The delight with which a writer in a late number of the *Geographical Magazine* gloated over the rumoured discovery of a race of men somewhere, we think, in the East

Indian Archipelago, who still, as he would say, possessed the aboriginal tails which were once the proud boast of the whole of mankind, is an instance of the joy with which certain would-be philosophers of the day hail everything that tends, even in the most distant manner, to support the theory that man is by nature a progressive animal, who has already achieved great conquests in the development of his intelligence and other faculties, and who is yet destined to achieve more such conquests. But in truth, history bears witness that man's natural tendency is to degradation, unless he be assisted from above. Left to himself, man is far more likely in the nineteenth century to return, as these theorists would say, to the ape than to rise any higher in the scale of being. The history of mankind, as it can be traced by monuments and documents, is the history of a race which started with a far larger appanage of intellectual cultivation, general knowledge, and moral elevation than it retained. It began in light and sank into darkness, out of which it has only been rescued by the action of Christian grace and the Catholic Church.

We say that any work on this important subject would be certainly welcome from a Catholic point of view. We are more than ordinarily glad to find before us such a work, partial though it be, from the hand of the very learned and able writer to whom we already owe a valuable volume on the *Irish Race*. Father Thébaud is already well known on both sides of the Atlantic, and we trust to receive still further contributions from his pen to the cause of Catholic truth. The bearing of his present work may be described in a few words, which we shall extract from the Author's Preface. "We assert that if things had taken place as the evolutionists assure us they have, the first records of mankind would be those of rude people just emerging from barbarism. In point of art and culture, in point of ideas and language, chiefly in point of religion, we should find in their coreal still the most rude elements of a 'childish' and growing soul; we should be able to trace the steps by which, from the first notions of a coarse religious system, they would have arrived at the point of inventing God and all His attributes. This would have been, in the sense of evolutionists, a mere subjective theory perfectly independent of any objective Divine Essence, and having nothing in common with the certain belief that the reason of man can know God and demonstrate to himself His Existence. They assert it has been so, and that historical man began everywhere by being a barbarian. Here we join issue with them, and one of the great purports of this volume will be to establish solidly the fact, that man appeared first in a state of civilization, possessed of noble ideas as to himself, his origin, the Creator, One Supreme God, ruling the universe, etc. We intend to prove historically that he invented none of the great religious and moral truths by the process mentioned above, but that these came to him from heaven. We will endeavour to show the first men everywhere monotheists, generally pure in their morals, dignified in their bearing, and cultivated in their intellect."

4. *Mathilda of Canossa*, and Yoland of Groningen. By A. Bresciani, S.J., Author of the *Jew of Verona*, &c. Translated by Anna T. Sadlier. New York and Montreal, 1875.

Father Bresciani's historical stories are not so well known in England and Ireland as they ought to be. His historical and antiquarian knowledge of history was very deep and exact, and few who read the pages in which he describes the manners, the costumes, the amusements, or the conflicts of Christians of a past age, can be at all aware of the great amount of research which was necessary in order to make him discourse so glibly on the everyday things of a bygone time. Again, his grasp of the principles of history was very great, and we need not add with how loyal and true a devotion to the Church and the Holy See he was always inspired. Many persons have done him injustice in judging of his well-known work, the *Jew of Verona*, as if its details gave an unfair representation of the crimes and abominations of the secret societies in Italy. We believe that every fact that has been used in that work, or in its sequel, on the *Roman Republic*, was ascertained most scrupulously to be indubitable. It does not become the writer of what appears as a story to give chapter and verse for every general statement that is made or implied in the course of the narrative. But we are convinced that Father Bresciani never put down a fact without due authority, and that other things as bad, if not worse, than any which he has inserted could easily have been proved.

The present volume, which deals with the history of the great Countess Mathilda, the Emperor Henry, and St. Gregory the Seventh, will, we believe, give a more accurate account of the manners and habits of that time than any other work of fiction, and than most historical works that exist. It was written after Father Bresciani had become easy in the use of his pen, and may fairly be considered one of his very best productions. There are some bold scenes in it, but they are true to history and to fact. The romantic interest of the story centres round an ideal figure, Yoland, a girl who is the object of pursuit to Ottocar, one of the Countess's great enemies. The trials and fortunes of Yoland are quite engrossing enough to secure for the volume the admiration of that large class of readers, to whom no story is attractive which does not relate how a beautiful young lady gets into a series of dangers and troubles, which end at last in a happy marriage with a noble and interesting knight. The historical interest of the grand characters of Gregory the Seventh and the Countess Mathilda, which are very well drawn, may perhaps have equal attractions to readers of a less fastidious order.

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5. *The Wyndham Family*, a Story of Modern Life. By the Author of *Mount St. Lawrence*. 2 Vols. Burns and Oates, 1876.

The "*Wyndham Family*" is a novel written with a purpose, and if it has any, we will not say fault, but quality which will make it less accept-

able to ordinary readers than it might be, it is that the purpose of the author is somewhat too prevalent throughout. The purpose of which we speak is to contrast the methods of education and of management of their children of two ladies, each of whom has a pair of daughters. The one lady, a Mrs. Percy Wyndham, a fashionable, unpractical Catholic lady of the world, makes a mess, as might be expected, with her Emma and her Gertrude, and the former of these two young ladies is almost carried off to Norway by an adventurer, who persuades her to elope with him in the novel and leisurely manner of a yacht voyage under the care of a certain Lord and Lady Selden. The other lady, Madame d'Hericourt, is at one time in danger of losing her eldest child by a foolish attachment to the son of the same Mrs. Percy Wyndham, but she is fortunate enough to possess sufficient influence over her daughter to bring matters round to the right issue in her union with the gentleman whom she herself, the mother, has always encouraged. There are a number of characters introduced, all more or less well drawn, and we must pay the writer the compliment of saying that he—or rather she, for the work is evidently from the hand of a lady—is more at home in sketching good people than bad people. There are also some less obvious but not unimportant threads in the story, especially that which is connected with the character of a certain Mrs. Tyrell, who appears at first as cook to Mrs. Wyndham, and who turns out to be Madame d'Hericourt's "long lost" sister.

The book is well planned, the characters well conceived, and the English undeniably good and accurate. It is evidently the work of a practised writer, a writer of good taste, religious thoughtfulness, and knowledge of the world. If it is not as popular as a hundred books of very inferior workmanship, it will be because the public taste has been vitiated by the overflowing stream of trashy sensationalism which is now almost a matter of necessity, in order that the appetite for fiction of a lower class may be in some sort fed. The novel first becomes a necessity in the lives of hundreds of men and women who have immortal souls, and the next step is that the novel must pander in some not altogether undisguised manner to the lowest tastes. When people have "well drunk" of this supply of fiction, it becomes almost a matter of imperative necessity to set before them worse and worse wine. The book before us is on the reactionary side, and on this account we heartily wish it success.

"A Graduate of St. Joseph's, Emmettsburgh," has published a very nice translation of Frederic Ozanam's *Pilgrimage to the Land of the Cid*. The appearance of this little volume reminds us that we were promised a Life of Frederic Ozanam, of the appearance of which we see as yet no signs. We hope we may be mistaken in thinking that the idea has been abandoned. *The Three Pearls; or Virginity and Martyrdom*.

By a Daughter of Charity, comes to us from the same publishers (Burns and Oates; The Catholic Publication Society, New York). The "Daughter of Charity" would have conveyed a more intelligible idea of her personality if she had used the common English term "Sister" on her title-page. The Three Pearls are St. Agnes, St. Cecilia, and St. Catharine of Alexandria. As to each of these Saints, we have first an account in prose, and then several pages of easy flowing verse. The spirit of the whole is excellent. *Adhemar de Belcastel; or Be not too hasty in judging*, is a story translated from the French by (apparently) another Graduate of Emmetsburgh. It is a story of a young French lady who marries a cousin to whom she has been engaged by her father, much against her will, and full of prejudice against him, and who ends by finding out his worth, notwithstanding the machinations of an unprincipled admirer of her own, who forges letters between the husband and wife with the object of producing or continuing their estrangement. *The Sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ: Meditations for Lent*, by Father Claude de la Colombière, preached in the Chapel Royal, St. James', 1677 (Washbourne), will hardly need any further recommendation than the transcription of the title. Anything from Father de la Colombière is very precious, and these Meditations on the Passion have all the characteristics of his writings. *The Office of Holy Week, according to the Dominican Rite* (Burns and Oates), may also speak for itself. As to the *Light of the Conscience*, by the Author of *Life of St. Francis de Sales*, &c., with an Introduction by the Rev. T. T. Carter, M.A. (Rivingtons), it is one of those painfully unreal books which the author is too fond of writing, and Mr. Carter too fond of editing. The work is made up of thoughts mostly gathered from Catholic sources, and we can hardly turn over half-a-dozen pages without meeting the name of a Catholic saint. One would imagine that the author must have persuaded herself in some strange fashion that the Saints—and especially the modern Saints, for it is her characteristic to quote them rather than more ancient writers—must have had something in common with people living in a state of heresy and schism, not unconsciously, but with a deliberate rejection of the claims of the Catholic Church, and an intense hostility to her, manifested whenever occasion occurs, by attempts to persuade others not to enter her fold. A certain text about people who "tithed mint, anise and cummin" rises to the mind, when we find people instructing others on different methods of prayer, irritability, calmness, sensitiveness, decision, fretfulness, and the like, while they neglect the greater commandments of our Lord as to unity of faith and submission to the authority which He has left behind Him upon earth. The book affects Catholicism from beginning to end. The words of the priest at Mass are quoted as those of the "celebrant at holy Communion;" the *Anima Christi* is said to make part of "most people's thanksgiving," and so on. To our mind such books are simply repulsive.

II.—OLD ENGLISH DEVOTION TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

A Catalogue of Shrines, Offerings, Bequests, &c.

PART XII.—(PLYMPTON PRIORY—SCARBOROUGH).

PLYMPTON PRIORY.

At page 17 of the rental of Plympton Priory, September 30, 1481, it appears that William Strode held of the Convent two tenements, with gardens adjoining, in Boryngdon Manor, by the payment of wax to the amount of 4*s.* and 6*d.*, to be burnt before the statue of our Blessed Ladye in the conventual church.¹⁷⁷

PLYMPTON.

The seal of the Priory is curious and interesting. It represents the Divine Infant, Jesus Christ, seated on the lap of His Immaculate Mother, our Blessed Ladye, who bears on her wrist a hawk, with its hood and bell.

POLESWORTH.

In the time of Henry the Fourth, Robert de Herthall gave a rent rising out of lands in Freseley to the lights of the chapel of our Blessed Ladye in the monastery of Polesworth.¹⁷⁸

PONTEFRACT.

William Hoghwyk of Pontefract, esquire, by will dated October 8, 1414, left to the image of the Blessed Virgin Marye, which stood in the ladye chapel in the church of All Hallows, a chain of gold, with a relic of our Lord's cross enclosed.¹⁷⁹

Dugdale gives an abstract of the will of Antony Widvile, Earl Rivers, dated June 23, 1483,¹⁸⁰ which is reproduced in the *Testamenta Vetusta*;¹⁸¹ the whole will is given by Bentley. He says—

"I will that my heart be carried to our Ladye of Pue, adjoining to St. Stephen's College at Westminster, there to be buried by the advice of the Dean and his brethren; and in case I die south of the Trent, then I will that my body be also buried before our Ladye of Pue."

Subsequently, and after the testing of his will, he adds—

"My will is now to be buried before an

¹⁷⁷ *Mon. Diac. Exon.* p. 130.

¹⁷⁸ Dugdale, *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, London, 1656, p. 150.

¹⁷⁹ Test Ebor. vol. i. p. 375.

¹⁸⁰ Baronagium, t. ii. p. 233.

¹⁸¹ P. 379.

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image of our Blessed Ladye Marye, with my Lord Richard, in Pomfrete, and Jhu have mercy of my soul."¹⁸²

He was succeeded by his brother, Sir Richard Widvile, a knight hospitaller, who had been received into the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in 1469, a fact not generally known.

PYLALE.

Not far from this spot, which I have hitherto failed to identify, there was an image of our Blessed Lady which was held in great veneration. It is mentioned in the life of Richard the Second, by a Monk of Evesham,¹⁸³ who, relating the capture of Sir Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, by Owen Glendower, on the feast of St. Alban's in 1401, says, that whilst Mortimer was at Ludlow, news was brought to him that Owen Glendower had come over from the Welsh mountains, and was on one of the hills by Pylale, where there was an image of the Blessed Virgin Marye, which was greatly venerated, and not far from Ludlow.

QUARRYWELL.

In Oldham's Register, says Dr. Oliver, there is a petition of David Waryn heremyte of the chapel of Our Ladye of Grace at Quarrywell, within the boundaries of Plymouth, dated April 10, 1518.¹⁸⁴

REEPHAM, NORFOLK.

Here was a celebrated image of our Blessed Ladye, to which many pilgrimages were made. They are mentioned in 1428.¹⁸⁵

RIEVAULX.

Henry le Scrope, by will dated August 6, 1515, orders his body to be buried before the altar of Our Ladye of Pity, in the Abbey of Rievaulx.¹⁸⁶

ROCHE ABBEY.

Matilda, wife of Richard Plantagenet, commonly known as Richard of Coningsborough, Earl of Cambridge, by will, dated August 15, 1446, desires her body to be buried in Roche Abbey, in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin Marye,

¹⁸² Bentley, *Excerpt. Hist.* p. 248.

¹⁸³ Edit. Hearne, p. 178.

¹⁸⁴ *Mon. Dioc. Exon.* p. 131.

¹⁸⁵ *General History of Norfolk*, p. 229; Index, *Mon. Dioc. Norw.* p. 66.

¹⁸⁶ *Mon. Ebor.* p. 336.

before her image which stands in the south part of the abbey church.¹⁸⁷

ROTHERAM, YORKS. John Lister, of Rotheram, by will dated October 10, 1453, leaves to our Ladye's light iijs. iiij*d*.¹⁸⁸

ROTHLEY,
CO. LEICESTER. Bartholomew Kingston, Esq., by his will, executed in 1486, leaves a candle to burn before the image of our Ladye.¹⁸⁹ This curious will is engraved on a tombstone in Rothley Church, and is given in full in the History of Leicester by Nichols.¹⁹⁰

ROYDON,
CO. NORFOLK. In 1488 lights were given to burn before the tabernacle of the Blessed Virgin Marye.¹⁹¹

RUDBY IN
CLEVELAND. Christopher Conyers, Rector of Rudby, by will, dated June 22, 1483, leaves two candles to be burnt before the image of our Ladye in the choir on the day of his burial; also six torches to burn before his body during the elevation, two of which he bequeathed to the image of our Ladye in the aforesaid basilica, to be burnt whilst the Masses are being celebrated in it.¹⁹²

RUSTON. Jane Lady Wombwell, widow, by will, dated July 10, 1454, leaves to the service of our Blessed Ladye in Ruston, xiijs. iiij*d*.¹⁹³

RYTON. William de Menville was High Sheriff of the Palatinate in 1363 and again in 1370. By his will, dated June 20, 1471, he left to the light of our Ladye's altar, xiijs. iiij*d*.¹⁹⁴

ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY. Every week there was a procession in honour of the Blessed Virgin, the monks wearing surplices; Badulf, seventeenth abbot, 1146—1151, ordained that it should be made to the altar of our Ladye.¹⁹⁵

Robert, eighteenth abbot, 1151—1166, on his return from Rome, offered costly gifts at the high altar of St. Alban's, and caused to be made

¹⁸⁷ Test Ebor. vol. ii. p. 118.

¹⁸⁸ *Ibid.* p. 169.

¹⁸⁹ Test. Vet. p. 387.

¹⁹⁰ Vol. iii. pt. ii. p. 960.

¹⁹¹ Blomefield, vol. i. p. 27.

¹⁹² Test Ebor. vol. iii. p. 287.

¹⁹³ *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 177.

¹⁹⁴ *Wills and Inventories*, &c. pt. i. p. 32.

¹⁹⁵ *Gesta Abbatum Monast. S. Albani*, a Thoma Walsingham, v. i. p. 107. Rolls Edit.

a beautiful image of our Blessed Ladye (*pulchram Mariolam*) with its appurtenances.¹⁹⁶

The shrine of St. Alban, made by Simon, nineteenth abbot, 1166—1185, was the most magnificent one which Walsingham had seen in his day; on the side which faced the west there was an image of our Blessed Ladye, in high relief, representing her seated on a throne, holding her Divine Son in her lap, and adorned with gems and precious ornaments of gold.¹⁹⁷

William, twenty-second abbot, 1214—1235, seeing that in all the principal churches in England a Mass of the Blessed Virgin Marye was sung each day to note, ordained that a daily Mass of our Ladye should be sung by six monks in rotation; a monk was also appointed to be the guardian and attendant of our Lady's altar. "We believe," adds Walsingham, "that these arrangements were very pleasing to God and the Blessed Virgin His Mother, since, from thenceforth the altar received a happy and unexpected increase of various ornaments, gold and silver plate, silk vestments, and lights." The altar was dedicated by John, Bishop of Ardfert; Abbot William said the first Mass and presented a handsome Missal to it, in commemoration of his celebration of the Divine Mysteries. He also gave a most harmonious bell, which was consecrated by Bishop John, and named "Saint Marye," to be rung daily, three times, to summon the ministers appointed for altar duty, to wit, the six monks, together with the custos of the altar, and others of the faithful of Christ and devout humble clients of the Blessed Virgin, who were about to serve, and to pray, for the prosperity of the Church and their own.¹⁹⁸

"Furthermore it redounds to the praises of the same Abbot William," continues Walsingham, "that he presented to our church a most lovely image of the Blessed Virgin Marye, which the oft-mentioned Master Walter of Colchester had sculptured with the most consummate skill, and had it hallowed by Bishop John aforementioned; and the image, which stood previously where he so handsomely placed the new one, he set up in

¹⁹⁶ *Gesta Abbatum Monast. S. Albani*, p. 179.

¹⁹⁷ *Ibid.* p. 189.

¹⁹⁸ *Ibid.* pp. 284, 285.

a conspicuous place over the altar, where the Mass of the Blessed Virgin Marye is daily sung to note; and the wax candles, which we have been accustomed to wreath with flowers, he appointed to be lighted before the celebrated image of the Blessed Virgin, on the days and nights of her principal festivals, and in the procession which is made in commemoration of the same."

"Abbot William also beautified the church in a wonderful manner with a ceiling of that kind which we call *labrescura* or *celatura*,¹⁹⁹ with which he concealed the row of timbers above the famous image of the Blessed Virgin, lest the old age of the rafters or beams should offend the eyes of the beholders; and for a similar reason, he also whitened the walls of a greater portion of the church. . . . Moreover, as he had removed the ancient image of the Blessed Virgin, Abbot William substituted a new one, and set it up in another place; and the displaced old beam which formerly was over the high altar, and which Adam the Cellarer had erected, he put up in the south part of the church near the famous image, to the great adornment of this edifice. On this beam were figures of twelve Patriarchs and the twelve Apostles, and in the midst the Majesty, with the Church and Synagogue. In like manner he erected a new rood in the middle of the church, and a new image of the Blessed Virgin over the altar of St. Blaise; and he transferred the old rood and the image of our Ladye, which he had previously put up, to the north part of the church, for the edification of the laity and all who came thither, and for the comfort of seculars, lest he might seem to mar in any degree the good works which he had done."²⁰⁰

Hugh de Eversdone, twenty-seventh abbot,

¹⁹⁹ *Labrescura*. This word is incorrect; the scribe has omitted to put a stroke over the first *a*, or the copyist has neglected to mark it in his transcript. It should be *lambrescura*, or *lambruscura*, whence the French *lambris*. Coupled with *celatura*, it means, most probably, an embossed ceiling. Thus, in the Council of Exeter, A.D. 1287: "Can. XII. Onera omnium ornamentorum prædictorum parochiani, sicut hactenus, ita de cetero supportabunt, libris matutinalibus, unico scilicet psalterio, fenestris vitreis in cancello, et *celatura* supra majus altare dumtaxat exceptis, quæ rectores vel vicarii supportabunt, prout in nostra dioecesi hucusque fieri consuevit."—Labbé. *Concilia*, t. xi. col. 1278.

²⁰⁰ *Gesta Abbatum Monast. S. Albani*, p. 287.

1308—1326, had an especial veneration for the Blessed Mother of God above all His saints. Amongst his acts, which were always on a magnificent scale, he completed, in a praiseworthy manner, the ladye chapel at the east of the church, which had been commenced many years previously by John de Hertford. This he was enabled to accomplish by the help of his friends, Walter de Langley and Alice his wife, and Master Reginald of St. Alban's, a friend resident at Rome, who left him two hundred marcs.²⁰¹

Thomas, thirtieth abbot, 1349—1396, presented some magnificent vestments in honour of our Ladye. He also gave the picture over the high altar, which had been painted in Lombardy, and cost, including carriage from London and all other expenses, 40*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.* Moreover, he gave to the altar of the Four Candles five pictures valued at five marcs, which were afterwards put into wooden frames by Stephen Sothere the sacristan.²⁰² The habitual ejaculations of this good abbot were *Jhesu miserere, Sancta Maria adjuva!* "Jesus, mercy! Holy Marye, help!"²⁰³

Therefore at St. Alban's there were—

1. The beautiful image of our Ladye presented by Abbot Robert, 1151—1166, which was removed by Abbot William, 1214—1235, and set up over the altar where the Marye Mass was daily sung.

2. The image of our Lady given by Abbot William, and which he subsequently transferred to the north aisle.

3. The image of our Ladye, the work of the sculptor Master Walter of Colchester, called *Sancta Maria Pulchra*—"Our Ladye the Beautiful," which stood in the south transept near the chapter-house.²⁰⁴

4. Our Ladye over the altar of St. Blaise.

5. The altar of our Ladye called of the Four Candles, or *Quatuor Cereorum*. It was so called because four candles offered by four officials of the abbey were daily lighted. And at this altar, in addition to other Masses, two Masses were

²⁰¹ *Gesta Abbatum Monast. S. Albani*, v. ii. p. 114.

²⁰² *Ibid.* v. iii. p. 381.

²⁰³ *Ibid.* p. 421.

²⁰⁴ *Ibid.* p. 448. The south transept is also called the south cross aisle (ala).

usually celebrated every day for the Church and for the Dead.²⁰⁵

6. An image of our Lady stood in the nave, before which brother William Wyntershalle, the almoner of the abbey, erected an altar.²⁰⁶

St. EDMUND'S BURY,
FORMERLY BEO-
DERIC-WEORTH.

I. The abbey-church, erected by Cnut, was consecrated on St. Luke's day in 1032 by Ægelnoth, Archbishop of Canterbury, in honour of Christ, His Virgin Mother, and St. Edmund the King and Martyr.²⁰⁷

In this church were—

1. Our Ladye's altar to the north of the choir;
2. Our Ladye's altar and chapel behind the high altar;

3. The crypt of our Ladye under the shrine of St. Edmund.²⁰⁸

Amongst the distinguished monks of this celebrated abbey was Dom Galfrid Waterton, by some called *Bedericius*, or of Bury. He was brother to William Waterton of Waterton, or Watretone, as it is given in Domesday. He is described by Bale and Pits as profoundly versed in sacred and profane philosophy, and constantly at his studies, except when called off by the obedience of his rule, psalmody in choir, or contemplation and meditation. He had made his studies, especially in polite literature and theology, with such fruit, that, as soon as he had taken his Doctor's degree, he applied himself to writing, in which he made happy progress on account of the ease and purity of his style, as well as the continual meditation which he had long practised in sacred literature. He flourished about the year 1350. He wrote five works, one of which was a book on the Angelical Salutation, and another a *Mariale*, or a treatise in praise of our Blessed Ladye.²⁰⁹

II. St. Marye's.

Prior to the great apostacy this church was

²⁰⁵ *Annales Monast. S. Albani* a J. Amundesham monacho, ut videtur, conscripti, 1421—1440, v. i. p. 436. Rolls Edit.

²⁰⁶ *Ibid.* v. i. p. 448.

²⁰⁷ Gillingwater, *Historical and Descriptive Account of St. Edmund's Bury, St. Edmund's Bury*, 1804. P. 50.

²⁰⁸ *Index Mon. Diac. Norv.* p. 78.

²⁰⁹ Joh. Pitsii, *De illis. Britannie scriptoribus*. Paris, 1619, p. 473. Bale, *Scriptor. illustr. nationis Brytan.* Basle, 1557, sub. nom.

distinguished for its numerous altars, images, and pictures.

1. The image of Our Ladye of Pity stood in the south aisle.

2. Our Ladye's altar.²¹⁰

Here her image stood in a tabernacle or "housyng" over the altar. John Baret, by his will executed in 1463, says:

"Item, I wille there be made a goodly newe crowne of metal gylte, or ellys wel dō in tymbyr for the ymage of oure Lady in the housyng of ye rerdoos of Seynt Marie auter."²¹¹

He also desired that the reredos should be painted with the story of the *Magnificat*.

"Item, I geve and be quwethe x marks to the peyntyng rerdoos and table at Seynt Marye avter of the story of the *Magnificat*."²¹²

The altar of St. Marye had chimes; there were also chimes in the steeple.

John Baret says in his will:

"Item, I wille yt John Elys serche sewrly and owyr se the chymes at Saynt Marie awter and the chymes in y^e stepyl . . . And I wil that the berere of the paxbrede longyng to Seynt Marie awter have yeerly viij*l*. so he take hede to kepe my grave clene, the chymes, and Seynt Marie awter, to wynde vp the plomme of led as ofte as nedith and to do the chymes goo at y^e sacry of the Messe of Ihv, at the sacry of Seynt Marie Messe on the Sunday . . ."²¹³

3. Our Ladye at the Pillar.

John Baret says:

"Item, I wil that the ymage of oure Lady that Robert Pygot peynted be set vp ageyne the peleer next y^e pcloos of Seynt Marie awter with the baas redy therto, and a hovel with pleyn sydes comyng down to the baas, and in the myddes of the baas, my candylstykke of laten with a pyke to be set afore a tapir I have assygned unto ye v taperes longyng to the naty-vite gylde wiche stant alofte before the aungelys, with chymes to be sette abowte our Lady at the peler."²¹⁴

²¹⁰ Gillingwater, p. 171.

²¹¹ Tymms. *Bury Wills and Inventories, &c.*, Camden Society, 1850, p. 20.

²¹² *Ibid.* p. 19. Table here signifies the frontal of the Altar.

²¹³ *Ibid.*

²¹⁴ *Ibid.*

ST. NEOTS.

Roger, prior of St. Neots, and the whole Convent grant to John Nevill, clerk, the five shillings every year which Allan Gery owes us for his land in Deuelho to be paid to our sacristy for the maintenance of a lamp in perpetuity to burn night and day, in the time of service, before the image of the glorious Virgin Marye, Mother of God, in our church of St. Neot. . . . We also wish the sacristan to procure a candle as well, to burn for ever on festal days at High Mass and Matins and Vespers, and every day during the Mass of our Blessed Ladye.²¹⁵

SALISBURY.

In the list given in the *Witten bouc*²¹⁶ the pilgrimage from Ghent to our Ladye of Salisbury—*ſons Vrauwe te Sallebry*—is put down at five *livres*.²¹⁷

Bishop Poore or Poure died on April 15, 1237, at Farrant-Crawford, in Dorset, the place of his birth, in a monastery of his own foundation, and there his heart was buried, but his body was carried to Salisbury, and Leland gives the inscription from his tomb in the ladye chapel. *Orate pro anima Ric. Poure quondam Sarum Episcopi, qui Ecclesiam hanc inchoari fecit in quondam fundo ubi nunc fundata est, ex antiquo nomine Miryffeld, in honore Beate Virginis Marie*.²¹⁸

On the greater festivals of the year two wax tapers were kept burning during service time before the image of our Blessed Ladye.

In August, 1644, Colonel Middleton sent up to the Parliament, from Sarum, many copes, surplices, tippets, hoods, plate, and the picture of the Blessed Virgin Mary taken in the minster there; the other relics being divided amongst the soldiers.²¹⁹

SALLE, NORFOLK.

Thomas Brygges, Esq., by his will, executed in 1494, founded a chantry priest to sing for his soul, for ten years after his decease, at the altar by the image of our Blessed Ladye in the chapel

²¹⁵ *History and Antiquities of St. Neots*, by George Cornelius Gorham, M.A. London, 1820, p. 312.

²¹⁶ Vide ante.

²¹⁷ Cannaert, p. 354.

²¹⁸ Itin. v. iii. p. 77.

²¹⁹ Whitlock. *Memorials of the English Affairs*, &c., 1732, p. 98.

SANDAL,
YORKSHIRE.

of St. James on the south side of the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul in Salle.²²⁰

Jane Lady Wombwell, widow, by will dated July 10, 1454, leaves to the service of our Blessed Ladye in Sandall church, xiii s. iv d.²²¹

SANDWICH.

In 1473, amongst the "jewills that longith unto oure Ladye cherche withyn the town of Sandewich 'there was a crown of sylver and gylt for our Lady yn the hygh autre.'" ²²²

SCARBOROUGH.

Margaret, widow of Richard Aske of Aughton, by will dated August 7, 1465, leaves a cross of gold set with pearls to the image of the Blessed Virgin Marye of Scarborough.²²³

In the castle green are the remains of an old chapel. Here, in 1817, was found a piece of sculpture which is thus described: "It is two feet high, one foot three inches broad, and one foot thick. It has a perforation in the centre, apparently to attach it to a pillar. On one side is sculptured, under an ornamental canopy, the crucifixion, with figures on either side of the cross representing our Ladye and St. John; on the opposite side, also under a canopy, are our Blessed Ladye with her Divine Son, and at each end a figure in a pontifical habit, with a mitre and a crozier. It is now in the Scarborough Museum."²²⁴

Our Ladye of Scarborough is one of the sanctuaries named by William Escopp, rector of Heslerton, in his will dated September 6, 1472, and to which he desires that a pilgrimage shall be made for him, immediately after his death.²²⁵

Under an arched vault in the castle yard, and near the ruins of the ancient chapel, there is a reservoir of water called the Ladye's Well, supposed to be the spring mentioned by the old historians, and to have been consecrated "in the days of superstition" to the Blessed Virgin Marye.²²⁶

²²⁰ Blomefield, v. ii. p. 641.

²²¹ Test. Ebor. vol. ii. p. 177. I presume this to be Sandal-Magna, near Wakefield.

²²² Boys, *Hist. of Sandwich*. Canterbury, 1792, p. 374.

²²³ Test. Ebor. vol. ii. p. 276.

²²⁴ Theakston's *Guide to Scarborough*, 1865, p. 9.

²²⁵ Vide ante sub Gisbro', p. 42.

²²⁶ Hinderwell, *Hist. and Antiq. of Scarborough and its vicinity*. York, 1811, p. 96.

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